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THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Specially Photographed by Walery, Regent Street.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is curious that in these days, when as regards fiction there is no reticence, and vile and indelicate subjects are treated with the grossest familiarity, people profess to be too sensitive to tolerate shocking stories that are statements of facts. Numbers of kind-hearted persons shrink from reading the Report of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children because of its painful details. Still, unless they read them, how are they to believe them, since no imagination, however morbid, can picture them? And what they dare not read is, alas! endured by thousands of helpless little ones such as Christ welcomed, but who are now in the hands of devils. Here is one case, in the current number of the organ of the society, which may stand for all; there are some less horrible, there are some still worse. "A bright little fellow" gives his evidence—which, indeed, is not contradicted—in Southwark Police-Court: He was tied with his arms and one of his legs extended on an iron bedstead, and forced to stand on the other leg from twelve o'clock that night until ten the next morning. Twice in the night paraffin matches were put alight under his bare little arms, causing blisters. One has read of such atrocities committed by North American Indians upon their enemies, but not upon their sons. It was the lad's own father who was his devilish tormentor. But for the society on behalf of whom I plead, this wretch would never have been punished, nor the child rescued. It has hundreds of such cases to deal with, and very rarely, notwithstanding the difficulties thrown in the way from the supineness or the fears of neighbours, does it fail in securing a conviction. What is most deplorable is that many persons who will not trouble themselves to read these reports are not ashamed to raise the cuckoo cry of exaggeration, which is gladly echoed by the heartless and the mean. It is nothing less than amazing that, amid the noble efforts made to succour those in need in all directions, "the single failure of English charity," as the *Spectator* terms it, should occur in the case of this excellent society. Its income does not meet its expenditure.

It seems rather surprising, if the news be true that literary persons are about to receive decorations, that this time of all times should be chosen for it, when the only nation in the world that honours literature by this method of recognition is almost at its last gasp. All the Chinese admirals and generals have, it is understood, been more or less distinguished in the schools, and have medals and coloured clothes and peacocks' feathers to show for it. They have not so behaved in their professions as to heighten the estimation in which literature is held as a groundwork for success in later life; perhaps, as is claimed by the more modest advocates of our public school system, their education has been mainly directed to learning to educate themselves, and that final step, as sometimes happens at home, has been neglected. Most of them, however, have been beheaded or have committed suicide, and left a good number of decorations, so to speak, upon the market; and it is possible that the very reasonable rate at which they can doubtless be procured has caused an economical Government, which wishes to conciliate every class, including "literary persons" (who in the Table of Degrees only just precede "Labourers"), to turn its attention in this direction. If it can secure a large number of decorations at a cheap rate, the conferring these novel rewards on literature will meet with no opposition from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, moreover, will not tax the imagination of our medallists, who are not always very successful in their designs. The scheme, as I learn from the newspapers, is to divide the recipients of these literary honours into two classes—the first consisting of four-and-twenty members, answering to first-button mandarins, and the second of two hundred and fifty, with (what they have always prided themselves upon, but never thought to have worn in so practical a fashion) "feathers in their caps." What I fear is that the second class will be rather jealous of the first class, and complain that one has got the buttons, the other only, as it were, the buttonholes. I confess, if these insignia are to be awarded to both classes on the same occasion, I should not like to be the person—of whatever eminence—who awards them. Considering the number of men and women of genius who are discovered every week, two hundred and seventy-four seems a very small number to be selected for special merit. Still, the deserving thousands who get nothing will not be so angry as the hundred and fifty who only come off second best.

The State, it is deplorable to reflect, has everywhere (except in China) declined to give its countenance to literature; but in some countries, and especially in Italy, men of letters have established societies of their own, the belonging to which conferred a certain distinction. Of these the French Academy is the most conspicuous. One of their number had the ill taste to tell tales of his distinguished confrères out of school. "He who is most clamorous is he whom they suppose has most reason. They all have the art of making long orations upon a trifle. The second repeats like an echo what the first said, but generally three or four speak together. When there is a bench of five or six members, one reads and another decides,

two converse, one sleeps, and another amuses himself with reading some dictionary which happens to lie before him." And this was how the Academy was producing its own dictionary! However, they had all comfortable arm-chairs, which were procured in a curious manner. The Cardinals were desirous of being present at the election of M. Monnoye, but shrank from doing so because there were no arm-chairs, and common ones were inconsistent with their dignity. Whereupon Louis XIV. sent the Academy forty arm-chairs—the same, perhaps, which they now occupy.

In Italy there were many Academies, but of a much more fantastic kind. The famous one at Florence, "La Crusca" (bran), was so entitled to indicate their art of sifting. They were very realistic. "Their furniture consisted of a mill and a bakehouse; the pulpit for the orator was a hopper; the learned director sat on a mill-stone; the other seats had the form of millers' dossers, or great panniers, and the backs consisted of the long shovels used in ovens. The table was a kneading-trough." The members of this guild thought no little of themselves, but not so much as those of the Arcadia at Rome, "each of whom received a name and a title, but not the deeds, of a farm picked out of a map of the ancient Arcadia." Goldoni gave an account of his election to this society. "I was presented," he says, "with two diplomas: the one gave me my new title of Polisseno, the other my investiture of the Phlegian Fields. Then the whole assembly saluted me in chorus as Polisseno Phlegio, and embraced me as a fellow-shepherd and a brother."

It was said by one who knew human nature well that when a selfish man performs an unselfish action, he does it thoroughly. Perhaps he says to himself, "It is only for once and away," or he has the idea in his mind of arrears to be made up. Something of this kind, it now appears, happens in the case of those who are not given to joking; when they do joke they do so very thoroughly. The inhabitants of Glasgow have long been suspected of an indisposition to humour, and even of refusing to submit to that surgical operation without which Sydney Smith said they could not be reconciled to it. Now, all at once, they have gone in for a huge joke—making up for centuries of abstention—and insist upon its being recorded in our Parliamentary annals. The corporation have devised a system of Puritan legislation that throws that of the Pilgrim Fathers in the shade. One of them is directed against the indecent exposure of a leg of mutton in the butchers' shops without a cloth; up till now it has not been thought necessary that these should be dressed till they are brought to table. Little boys who run after tram-cars—though it is surely much more dangerous to run before them—are to be fined forty shillings; and the same punishment is to be inflicted on any man who keeps a dog that puts in fear "any person or any animal," such as a cat. Any person who has in his possession the means of playing a game of chance—such as a backgammon board with its dice, I suppose, or a pack of cards—may be imprisoned for sixty days. By some extraordinary error the offence of "whistling on the Sabbath" is not included in the list of offences, perhaps for the same reason that parricide was excluded from the laws of Solon, as being too shocking to be contemplated. Upon the whole, we may say of this joke of the Glasgow Corporation what John Browdie said of Nickleby's offer to be "godfeyther," that it will never beat it as long as it lives. Let us hope it will never try. It is very curious, but, so far as one gathers from the proceedings in Parliament, there is not a word among these penal enactments about curtailing the consumption of whisky. Is not this—

Compounding for sins we are inclined to
By damning those we have no mind to?

Why is the possessor of a spirit-flask to go free, while he who has a pack of cards is to be placed in durance vile? This reminds one of a story told by Russell of the *Scotsman* concerning the Glaswegians. One of them remarked that a young townsman of his who had migrated was "a truly moral man." "Well, I don't know so much about that," said Russell, and he instanced a peccadillo or two of this blameless youth. "Nay," said the other, "I was na thinking of drink and the lasses, but of gamblin' and sic thing as you lose money by."

After the lectures on literature whereof of late we have had such a plethora, and the object of which has been either to show that no popular author is worth reading, or that the way to appreciate literature is, to begin with (as Mrs. Nickleby recommended a dozen lobsters to promote appetite), to swallow a whole library, Mr. Leslie Stephen's address the other day at Toynbee Hall comes like a breath of fresh air to us. If any man is authorised to speak of the choice of books it is he, and yet how differently does he discourse of them from most of those who have taken upon themselves to be our guides and rulers in that particular! These gentry are always complaining, like the village schoolmistress of her pupils, that they cannot make people "love their learning, though they beats them with a jack chain," and lamenting that they will read fiction in preference to Plato and Bacon. Mr. Stephen, on the contrary, is of opinion that one's taste for books is one that is not worth much unless it is our own, and that we cannot be thus dragooned into appreciation. He tells us

what books he likes himself—and one could hardly have a better guide—but he does not denounce as foolish or frivolous those who do not agree with him.

"In Stevenson's Samoa" is a pleasant little book, which even if it did not contain an interesting description of the novelist at home, would be worth reading. It depicts the island and its inhabitants from the point of view of a young lady traveller accustomed to make the best of things under all circumstances, and when they are favourable to enjoy them to the full. In Samoa she found things very favourable—the scenery magnificent, the climate delightful, and the people singularly gentle and affectionate, at all events to strangers; indeed, among themselves they are not otherwise, unless shaken by some gust of childish passion. So far from making drudges of their women, they are not expected to work at all. The men spear fish when they feel inclined, but would be by no means in favour of an eight-hours' or even a two-hours' Bill. It is a land like that described by the poet, where it is always afternoon. The lotus-eaters would have annexed it, but there would have been too much dancing and singing for them. It is impossible to resist the conviction as we read these pages that the Samoans—or those, at least, the writer met with—are a far happier people than we are. There are no "unemployed," because nobody wants to work nor has any need to do so. Existence in Samoa is something different from what is understood by "real life." Each village has a chief maiden, sacred as a queen bee, very beautiful, and attended by dwarfs and hunchbacks, as in the fairy tales. There are also water fairies. Here is an account of them on a Christmas morning: "As soon as we arrived, all Lau Lii's cousins and nieces, who happened to be visiting her, came rushing down from the house, and in a minute had shaken off their pretty holiday dresses and wound bright-coloured lava-lavas round their bodies with such cunning and art that no matter how strongly the river might be running, or in what vicissitudes they might find themselves, the utmost decorum and propriety were maintained. Soon the fun began, the pretty, bright-eyed, brown-skinned girls climbing up on the branch of a huge tree, and turning somersaults, one after another, into the deep, rushing water below. They precipitated themselves into the water every way, except head foremost; with which method they were enchanted, and asked us again and again to repeat our diving. And they worked hard trying to do likewise, but always turned a somersault, or made some gyration infinitely more difficult in their efforts to take an ordinary dive. There was great laughter and merrymaking at these water-parties: sometimes one would catch a large prawn, and pursue another in the water, holding up the monster, with its great antennæ stretching out eight inches or more. This morning Lau Lii suggested we should try who could sit longest at the bottom of the river. None of us could stay down at all. Then our hostess disappeared below. When the water cleared we could see her calmly sitting on the shingle and twisting her masses of black, curling hair on the top of her head. It seemed an age to us spectators before she rose and came smiling to the surface, not the least disturbed or out of breath; and when asked how she did it, answered: 'Oh! I just put big stone in my lap.'"

The little volume reads like a poem, the sweetness of which is relieved by quiet touches of humour. It is no wonder that Stevenson, with his love of beauty and keen perception of nature, should have pitched his tent in such an Eden. The natives adored him, and strangers who enjoyed his profuse hospitality—and none were turned away from Vailima—spoke of him with affectionate enthusiasm. "The house is so situated that it can only be seen from ship-board and when out at sea. . . . With its blue walls and terra-cotta roof, it is built of wood imported from America; for though in the midst of grand forest trees, the Samoans have not as yet begun to utilise what might be to them a source of wealth, and it will in all probability be left to some enterprising white man to start saw-mills and find out the real value and utility of the superabundance so lavishly provided by Nature."

The description of Stevenson's birthday fête (he was forty-two) to precede, alas! his deathday by so little, is delightful. It was easy on such an occasion to see how Tusitala (the teller of stories) was beloved by his neighbours. Though joining in all their sports and festivities, he was always busy with his pen. By five in the morning his lamp would be lit, and his pen flying over the paper, while he lay propped up by pillows on a narrow bed in a little room which looked out on the mountains. He would continue, sometimes without intermission, till twelve, but generally would stop at eleven for tiffin, and rarely returned to his writing during the day. Sometimes he dictated, and then he would walk about dictating with great rapidity, and seldom having to correct anything afterwards. One can scarcely doubt that our author's view of the effect upon him of these surroundings was a just one. "After living in this ideal island home it is easy to understand the glamour that enshrouded everything to the vivid imagination and poetic mind of our brilliant countryman. The complete solitude and isolation from the conventionalities of the outside world suited his temperament and lent wings to his romantic fancy."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

The Queen came to London on March 4, and held her second Drawing-Room on the following day. Sunshine, as usual, greeted her Majesty on her arrival in town, and brightened the scene outside Buckingham Palace prior to the ceremony. The first Drawing-Room, on Feb. 19, caused the palace to be the centre of interest to an eager and critical throng, which watched with an interest that the cold weather could not affect the arrival of the various royalties and members of the aristocracy. The Queen entered the Throne Room shortly after three o'clock, wearing a dress and train of English black satin brocade, trimmed with Russian sable and fine jet. Her Majesty seemed to be in excellent health and spirits. She wore a head-dress veil of Brussels lace, surmounted by a coronet of diamonds. The Princess of Wales wore a gown of black silk embroidered with sequins. The Duchess of York, a photograph of whom was taken after the ceremony, wore a dress and train of English white satin brocade; her train was arranged with a slip of ribbon, by which she held it on her wrist. The jewels she wore included the pearl and diamond tiara from the Girls of Great Britain and Ireland, the City collar, the Ladies' necklace, and the gifts from Surrey and Richmond.

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON.

Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson, Bart., who died on March 5 at his London residence, was a member of a very talented family. He was the son of Mr. A. T. Rawlinson, and was born at the village of Chadlington, Oxfordshire, on April 11, 1810. He was educated at Ealing School, after which he adopted a military career, and served for six years in the Bombay Army. In 1833 he was sent to Persia, where he reorganised a body of Persian troops, and was granted a commission as major. He next proceeded to Afghanistan, and in 1840 became political agent at Candahar. His services at this period were rewarded by his receiving the Commander ship of the Bath. He next was appointed political agent in Turkish Arabia, and subsequently was Consul for Bagdad. In 1850 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in Turkey, and the following year was made Consul-General. He resigned that position in 1855 and returned to England, where he was made a Crown Director of the East India Company. In 1856 he was created K.C.B. (civil), and retired from the Indian Service, but was for a few months member of the Council of India until 1859, when he was dispatched as envoy to the Court of Teheran, with the local rank of major-general. Just previous to his performing this duty he had a brief Parliamentary experience as member for Reigate in the Liberal interest, and returned to the House of Commons in 1865 as the representative of Frome, for three years. In 1868 he was reappointed a member of the Council of India, and ten years later he succeeded Sir David Douglas as a trustee of the British Museum. He received many foreign distinctions for his interpretation of the cuneiform inscriptions of Persia, Babylonia, and Assyria, and for other investigations into the antiquities of the East. During both the visits of the Shah of Persia to this country, in 1873 and 1889, Sir Henry was one of his Majesty's suite, receiving in the latter year the G.C.B. (civil). Four years ago he was created a baronet "in recognition of his distinguished service to the State, stretching over a long series of years."

THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.

The Agricultural Hall, Islington, was thronged towards the end of February with visitors to the Shire Horse Show held therein. The champion stallion was adjudged to be Lord Belper's Rokeby Harold, which two years ago attained the same distinction. The champion mare was Mr. Freeman-Mitford's six-year old bay Minnehaha. Our illustration shows the animals being collected prior to parading before the judges. The Lady Mayoress presented the cups and gold medals to the winners on Feb. 27.

THE SECOND CHINESE ENVOY OF PEACE.

More than one envoy has aspired to be the peacemaker in the war in Eastern Asia, but so far no success has been attained. The photograph and sketch which we give herewith show the second envoy Chang Yen Hoon, his Imperial Chinese Majesty's Ambassador-Plenipotentiary to Japan, en route to Kobe. When the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's royal mail-steamer *Empress of China* reached Kobe, on Jan. 30, Mr. Tei, of the Japanese Foreign Department, and Mr. Yamada, of the Police Bureau, went on board and intimated that the envoy and his suite, forty-three in all, would disembark at daybreak. Mr. Inouye, Secretary of the Foreign Department, came at nine o'clock in the morning to greet the envoy, and an hour later his Excellency Chang, accompanied by an English interpreter and three other members of his suite, disembarked with Mr. Foster, who was formerly Secretary of State, U.S.A. They proceeded to the Oriental Hotel, where they remained

till 1.30. Then the envoy and Mr. Foster embarked on the *Owari Maru*, being received by Mr. Inouye and Lieutenant Matsumura, the rest of the suite having previously reached the vessel. The route from the Oriental Hotel to the landing-place was closely guarded by police, but despite this fact the large crowd of spectators expressed its feelings against the envoy by jeering. The *Owari Maru* left in half-an-hour for Hiroshima. His Excellency Chang is a native of Canton, fifty-nine years old. He has been Chinese Minister to the United States, Spain, and Peru, so he has considerable diplomatic experience.

THE PASSING OF THE "BENBOW."

With the breaking-up of the *Benbow*, now proceeding apace at Messrs. Henry Castle and Sons' yard at Woolwich, another of the wooden walls of Old England associated with a glorious period in our naval history is passing from among us. There is not much cause, it is true, for the sentimentalist to raise his voice against the inglorious and inevitable end of the *Benbow*, for her career afloat has not been at all remarkable; but still, as one of the few remaining battle-ships of former times, her death claims some small tribute. It will be seen from Mr. Charles W. Wyllie's drawing that the quaint and beautiful semicircular stern is characteristic of an earlier type of battle-ship than the majority of those that carried the English flag to victory in the days of Nelson. With the square sterns, such as the *Victory* has, it was

descended to still lower depths, becoming a coal dépôt in the Medway, where she was moored until a few weeks ago, when she made her last voyage and was towed round to Woolwich to be broken up.

The work of destruction will be completed within a few weeks, and already the poor old *Benbow* presents a forlorn appearance, her beams, from which the planks have been wrenched down to the lower deck, standing up as if in silent protest against her inglorious end. 'Tis a depressing sight to see a ship that once walked the water like a thing of life, that was built by cunning hands for a great cause, slowly being taken to pieces as a useless thing, as an encumbrance on the face of the waters!

The yard at Woolwich is a cemetery for ships, and the huge stack of timber (some 75 ft. high) from broken-up vessels seems like a monstrous pile of bones. The top of one side of this Golgotha is adorned by several huge figureheads that have the appearance of being monuments placed over the remains of departed ships. From the top of this stack, reached by a rough kind of ladder, one has a fine view of the river, and, looking down on the deck of the *Benbow*, all encumbered with planks and beams, one is struck by the contrast between the useless old ship and her more fortunate neighbour, the *Warspite*. Messrs. Castle and Sons are a sentimental firm, and they have preserved the figureheads of the more historical vessels they have broken up. Some of these are to be seen at their wharf at Millbank and others remain down at Woolwich, where, amid a heterogeneous collection of old iron plates, old timbers, brass cannon, ships' buckets, and the thousand and one odds and ends of a ship-breaking yard, they stand in mute reproach of the shortness of life given to the work of man's hands. One figure-head, that of the *Rodney*, is particularly impressive. It leans against the stack of timber, and looks as if it were bound to it by the arms, while several smaller figureheads that once belonged to dead and gone merchantmen nestle against it as if for protection and comfort in the calamity that has overtaken them all.

The breakers-up of the *Benbow* have a kind of museum at Millbank, which they call the cemetery, where may be seen relics of the ships they have taken to pieces, from the old *Téméraire* in 1838 to quite recent deaths. The only relics left of the old *Téméraire*, immortalised by Turner—who, by the way, used an artist's license and put masts in the old hulk—are two figures, which probably supported part of the quarter-deck.

THE HUNTING SEASON.

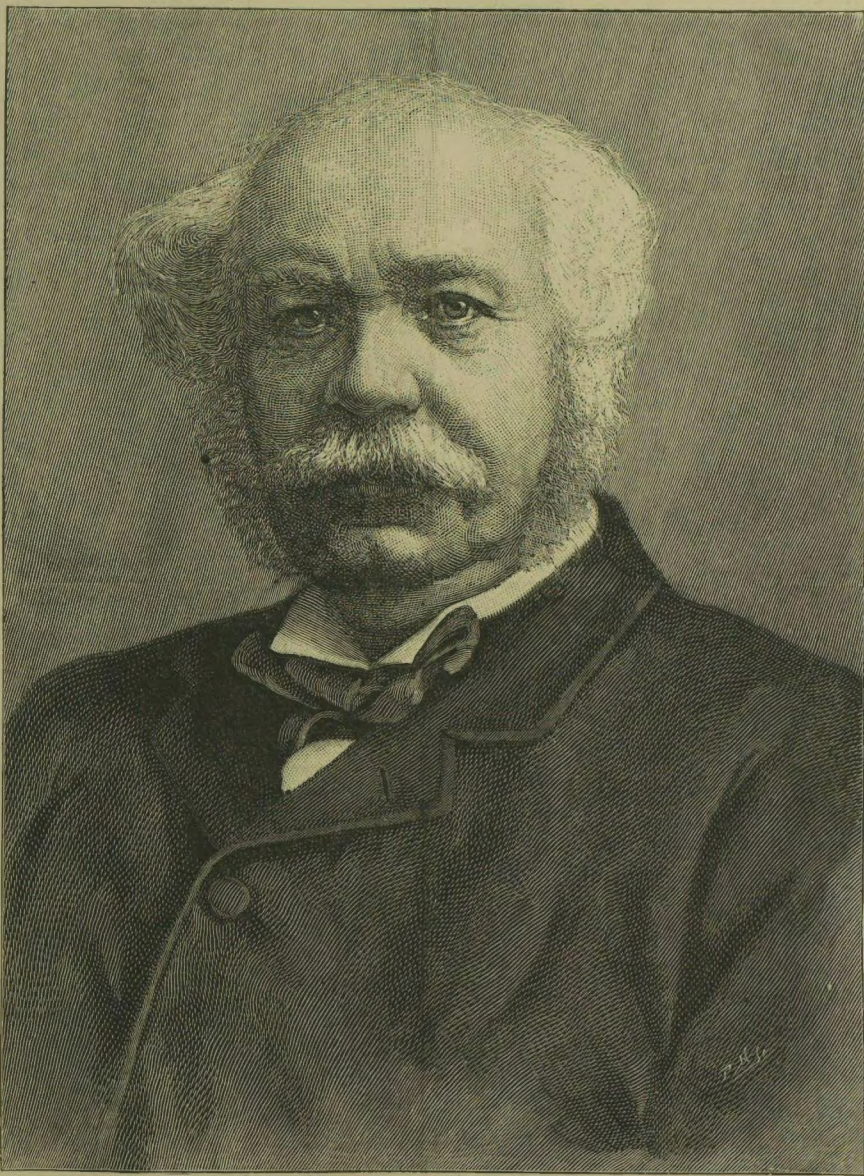
The prolonged frost has been received with little favour by hunting men, who have been deprived, for the most part, of their favourite sport. The list of hunting appointments in the *Times* has been conspicuous by its absence, and very gladly will any change in the weather be welcomed by those who are longing for a rattling run across country. Our illustrations show the unhappy plight of a gentleman who saw in fair skies a prospect of a day's sport, but a sudden storm wrecked both the prospect and his clothes.

THE RIVER OF JOSEPH AND THE FAYOUM.

There are bits of Egyptian scenery not far from Cairo which are unknown to the tourist. He crosses, on his way up the Nile, the intake of a large canal, the Bahr Jusuf. He seldom realises that the water-course, partly artificial and partly natural, bears the name of the Patriarch Joseph, and is ascribed, by traditions at least as old as the tenth century, to the son of Jacob. It is an interesting attempt to trace, even in imagination, the direction of this stream. Passing between the fertility which it produces and the desert of unconquerable sterility, it traverses the Libyan Hills, and yields up its waters to innumerable canals in the semi-oasis of the Fayoum.

One of the streamlets enters a strange gorge known as El Bats. "Of this," writes Professor Mahaffy, "Mr. Cope Whitehouse, the most intimate student of that district, showed me a photograph he had taken, with a waterfall tumbling through a wooded glen, which I guessed to be in Syria. The water that turned the corn-mill and the water-wheel, formerly lifting, by jars tied between its paddles, the supply for a high-level aqueduct, flows onward to Tamieh. Here it has a perpendicular fall, dropping over a precipitous ledge in a double stream. Already over 100 ft. below the Nile, it has miles to go before it reaches the Birket el-Qerun, 120 ft. below the Mediterranean, which the Greek map-makers call the Lake of Charon. It resembles the Syrian Sea in having no escape for its waters but by evaporation; but, unlike the Dead Sea, it teems with fish, hence the presence of the boats moored against the desolate western shore."

Some miles distant, in the desert, stands a lonely temple whose antiquity is unknown, but which some archaeologists believe to be as old as the Sphinx, and older, therefore, than the Premiership of Joseph. It is 300 ft. above the lake. It was first mentioned by Mr. Cope Whitehouse in 1882, and is of special interest, because it seems to prove that the Birket el-Qerun, now covering about eighty square miles, filled, at the time of Herodotus, the whole of this vast depression; so that the temple stood at the water's edge. This was the theory of Mr. Cope Whitehouse, which led him also to examine the desert to the south, where he discovered the Raiyan depression, which, as Lord Cromer has intimated in a report on Egypt, may be converted into a vast reservoir, covering 250 square miles, to replenish the canals of Egypt at the season of low Nile.



THE LATE SIR HENRY CRESWICKE RAWLINSON, BART.

impossible to bring a gun to bear on a small vessel that kept out of the reach both of the stern and broadside fire, but the semicircular stern naturally obviated this. It is said that the *Benbow* was modelled on a French prize, so that this may account for the build of her stern, unusual in British ships of the period. The semicircular windows just above the head of the rudder are those of a kind of gallery or verandah leading out of the captain's cabin, which was also lighted by the large windows in the stern on the same level, two of them having as many as twelve panes of glass apiece—in those days a commander of a ship had, at any rate, a spacious and well-lighted cabin.

The history of the *Benbow* is soon told. Designed to carry seventy-two guns (the largest of which were 32-pounders), she was commenced in 1808, but was not launched until 1813, in which year she was fitted out at Woolwich—strangely enough the place to which she has come back to die after having been over eighty years afloat. According to the Admiralty authorities, who courteously gave us every assistance in their power, the *Benbow* was not really commissioned until 1836, when she was refitted out at Portsmouth. In 1839 she was again in commission, and was present at the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, a Turkish pashalic in Syria, which had been seized on May 22, 1840, by Ibrahim Pasha, ruler of Egypt, who had revolted against his Turkish sovereign. The European Powers allied themselves to support the Porte against the rebel Pasha, and on Nov. 3, 1840, St. Jean d'Acre was stormed by the allied fleets and taken after a few hours' bombardment, the Egyptians losing 2000 killed and wounded and 3000 prisoners, while the British losses were only 12 killed and 42 wounded—not a very glorious affair. This appears to be the only action in which the *Benbow* took part, and henceforth there was but an ignominious future in store for her. In 1848 she was turned into a marine barrack-ship and stationed at Woolwich, and in 1859 she



CHANG YEN HOON, CHINESE PEACE ENVOY, ON BOARD THE "EMPRESS OF CHINA."

Sketch by Mr. Lionel C. Barff; Photo by Mr. G. D. Bowles.



THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW AT ISLINGTON: PREPARING FOR THE PARADE.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

And thou, too, gone! One more bright soul away
To swell the mighty sleepers 'neath the sod.
One less to honour and to love and say,
"Who lives with thee doth live halfway to God."

So wrote John Stuart Blackie on hearing of the death of Sydney Dobell, and so might we write to this later one who has gone to join "the mighty sleepers 'neath the sod." When a great figure passes away, there is always the regret of the multitude who respected, admired, or wondered at; and there is also the love of those few who had learned more of the living soul of the person; but there is something different in the feeling at the death of Professor Blackie. There is that terrible sense of personal loss, which will come assuredly at least to every Scotsman. There was no other man who was so much the property, as it were, of every Scotsman. Many disagreed with him, some criticised him; everyone loved him. Apart from certain eccentricities which those who did not know Blackie intimately did not understand, everyone saw the dominant nature, the manly soul, the marvellous optimism, the tender affection for country, the stern stickler for truth. On the death of Gordon he wrote lines which apply with remarkable aptitude to himself—

What live we but for this?—
Into the sour to breathe the soul of sweetness,
The stunted growth to rear to fair completeness,
Drown sneers in smiles, kill hatred with a kiss,
And to the sandy waste bequeath the fame
That the grass grew behind us when we came.

It is not for anyone at present to attempt to make an estimate of his literary work. Futurity never fails to do that kindly but firmly enough, and therefore it is not for us to say whether George Henry Lewes was right in assigning Blackie's "Faust" to the first place among British translations, or whether his scholarly "Homer and the Iliad" is, as a contemporary writer says, the best of the modern translations. We have yet to learn what will be the fate of those other works which have brought him distinction in the world of scholarship, particularly that masterly "Wise Men of Greece" and his "Horæ Hellenicæ"; and we cannot have more than an idea of the fate which his powerful writings in an ethical direction will have.

On his public work we can better give a judgment. To him we owe the origin of the movement for University reform in Scotland, a movement which is tending to clothe the dry bones of scholastic formalism with the flesh of living culture. "For eighteen years," as a contemporary writes, "Blackie with characteristic energy placed himself in the van of the fight, and was untiring by pen and voice in forwarding the agitation which in 1859 resulted in that remodelled Scottish University system which has just given place to that more liberal scheme of which we are still awaiting the first fruits." Again, we know that it was his energetic espousal of the Crofters' cause that led to the appointment of Lord Napier's Commission; and that to his own personal energies the sum of £12,000 was collected to found a Celtic chair in the University of Edinburgh. His agitation in favour of the preservation of Scottish nationality by the adoption of Home Rule for Scotland is also well known, and so is his great disputation on Democracy with Ernest Jones at Manchester, in which with characteristic valour and energy he attacked the tenets of extreme Democracy.

The upholding of a national sentiment was of all questions the one which was nearest his heart, and perhaps it was his love of all things Scottish—Scottish Church, Scottish song, Scottish history, Scottish people—that endeared him so much to every Scot with an atom of patriotism in him. A man of extremely large culture, a man who had travelled through Europe from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, from John o' Groat's to Naples, from Paris to the Black Sea, a man who studied several years in Germany and in Italy—yet he never lost any of the mighty love for his dear fatherland, a land which he never tired of saying had won its own proud position among the nations of the world by the dint of its own strong arm and its own

strong brain. The preservation of a strong national sentiment he held to be the most important object a nation could further, and this feeling was emphasised in everything he did, wrote, or spoke.

An interest he maintained to almost the last hour of his consciousness was the continuity of the Greek language. For many years he ran full tilt at the orthodox schoolman

are not books but life, experience, personal thinking, feeling, and acting."

And of the wider culture he was one of the most eloquent apostles of the day. A man of marvellously wide sympathies himself, a man of marvellously wide linguistic erudition, he despised no tools which might be useful in turning youth into men and women, and not prigs and pedants. Song—national song—and the stage he recognised as powerful weapons in judicious hands; and speaking of the stage reminds us that no man in this country deserves better the gratitude of the theatrical profession than John Stuart Blackie. In season and out of it, he never tired of preaching the power of the stage, and he once remarked, "There is more to be got out of one of Henry Irving's plays than out of ten sermons."

But it is the man himself, after all is said and done, that interests most. There was a simple charm in his personality that could only be known fully by those who came intimately in contact with him in his home life. The writer knew him many years, and never heard him say an unkind thing, hint an unworthy motive, or fail to try to see the best side of anyone. Absolutely truthful himself, he was a keen searcher after some absolute truth. It was when you came to speak with him at his own fireside, to watch the course of his daily life, to observe the magnificent charities of his great nature, that you were at once inclined to say, "Here is a great man." Intellectually directly opposed to all forms of trimming, utterly ignorant of what is meant by log-rolling and other modernities, while sticking firmly to what he considered the right side, yet he was always anxious to learn "e'en as a little child." And then there were other qualifications which cannot be referred to here, but which endeared him to everyone who got to his heart. It was the continual sunshine that illumined his soul that made him such an influence for good. A pessimist in the long run has not much change in this world, and of optimists Blackie was the most optimistic.

And now what is Scotland without him? He has been truly called "The Last of the Scots," for now times are changed: uniformity, decadence, Londonisation have done their work. Blackie was a great inspiring influence. Scholar, true poet, philosopher, and man, he stood out the most striking figure of modern Scottish history. A contemporary truly said: "He was—

A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Scotland will doubtless never lack her share of notable men. We cannot imagine a time when she will not have her Stevensons, her Aytouns, her Wilsons, her Jeffreys, and even her Chalmers, should the occasion arise; but imagination collapses when it tries to picture another Blackie.

On Ash Wednesday those who wished to go to a sacred concert had a wide choice in London. The Royal Choral Society gave, under Sir Joseph Barnby's experienced conductorship, a good performance of Gounod's "The Redemption." The large audience in the Albert Hall coughed a good deal and applauded, in the first part, very little. It became enthusiastic, however, over Miss S. Berry's admirable singing of "While my watch I am keeping," and rewarded Miss Palliser with a persistent attempt to encore "From thy love as a Father." Mr. Andrew Black, Miss Margaret Hoare, Mr. Charles Copland (exchanging Gounod for Humperdinck) and Mr. Iver McKay all did well, and the choir sang with that remarkable volume for which it is unrivalled. There was simultaneously a lengthy programme of sacred music being rendered at

St. James's Hall, where Madame Clara Samuelli, Madame Antoinette Starling, Lady Hallé, Mr. John Morley, and Miss Ella Russell, among others, contributed to the pleasure of a large audience. In Queen's Hall there was yet another concert composed of selections from well-known oratorios, interpreted by Miss Clara Butt, Miss Evangeline Florence, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and others.

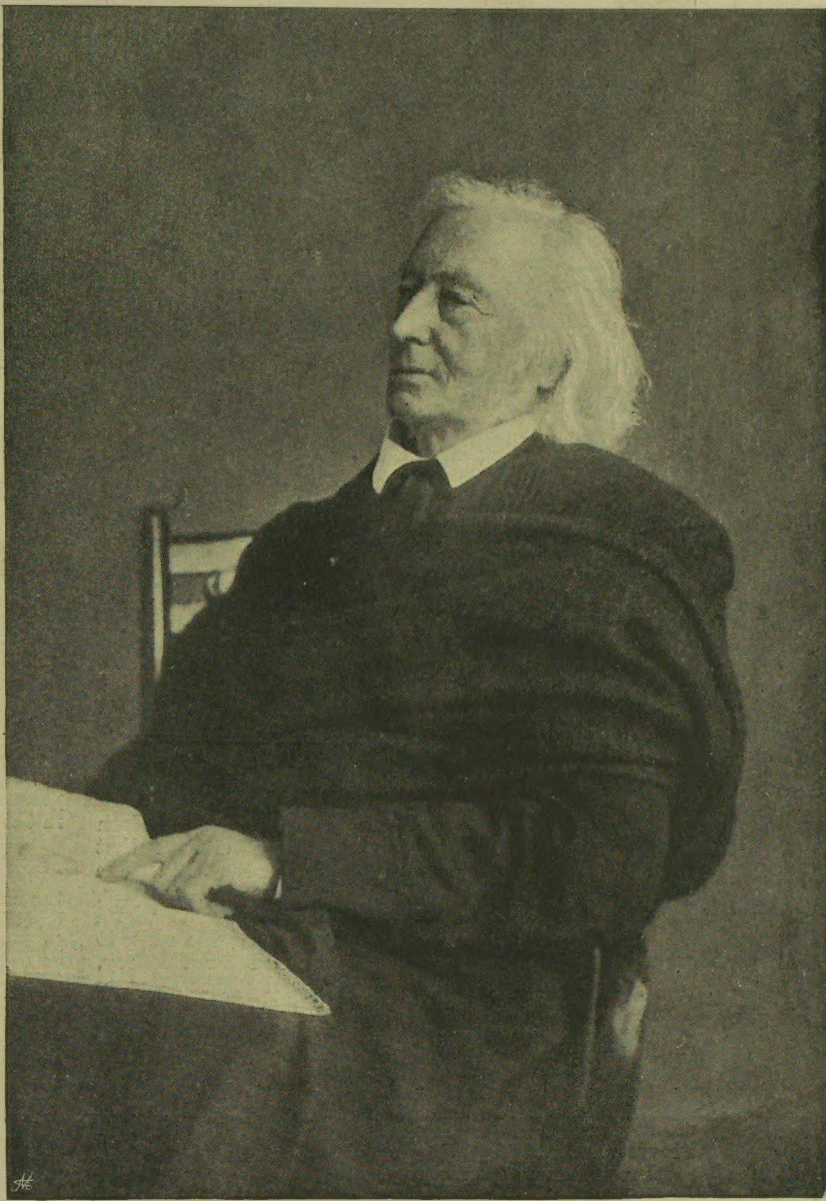


Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE JOHN STUART BLACKIE,
EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

who regarded Greek as a dead language, and some of his most valuable work was in the direction of papers read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh on that subject.

But it was education in its broadest sense that interested John Stuart Blackie chiefly. Nature, nature, nature, he continually shouted, preached, wrote, and sang. He had



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S RESIDENCE, EDINBURGH.

no sympathy with the method of teaching which made scholastic learning result from the instilling of lexiconical and grammatical (if the words are allowable) knowledge by comparatively incompetent teachers. He only sympathised with that culture which arose from the training of youth from within primarily and from without secondarily. He often said, "The original and proper sources of knowledge

PERSONAL.

The London County Council election has ended in a tie. Fifty-nine Progressives and fifty-nine Moderates have been returned. This result still leaves a Progressive majority in the Council, as most of the Aldermen are of that colour; but it is plain to the Progressives that, in the clear absence of any direct mandate from the constituencies, they have no moral authority. It is expected, however, that the bulk of the Progressives and the bulk of the Moderates will coalesce in a practical policy, and that the administrative work of the Council will proceed on the old lines, though some ambitious schemes will have to be abandoned or postponed. Sensible Progressives are taking their defeat like reasonable men, who are prepared to cut their coats according to their cloth. But in some high ethereal bosoms there is bitter anguish, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has specially distinguished himself by an eloquent lament over the discovery that human nature in London is not chiefly of his pattern.

What is the meaning of the game which the Admiralty are playing with Lord Charles Beresford? Here is one of the most distinguished officers in the Navy, who is blandly told by "My Lords" that they cannot allow him to reckon the time he served in the Soudan in his term of service for the rank of Admiral. Considering what Lord Charles Beresford did for Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition, this attitude of the Admiralty may be described as the delirium of red-tape. Other officers junior to Lord Charles have been allowed to reckon the Soudan time in their claim for promotion. Moreover, he has been sedulously ignored on previous occasions, and it is only too evident that the Admiralty have some reason not wholly connected with the public interest for baulking his legitimate advancement.

Many Londoners imagined that the long frost was broken, and they have been surprised this week to learn that skating is still going on merrily in the parks. For the Serpentine to be solid ice in the second week of March is almost unprecedented. As for the water-supply, it is still remote for many householders. In St. Petersburg a frozen pipe in the depth of winter is almost unknown; but in London no provision whatever is made by the water-companies to meet the emergencies of specially hard weather.

The German Emperor has presented a service of china to the Czar and Czarina. This china was manufactured in the Berlin factory where great efforts have been made for some time past to rival Dresden. The Kaiser has thrown himself into this competition with his usual energy, and we may hear before long that he has proclaimed the superiority of Berlin to Dresden china by the fiat of divine right.

Closely following the death of Mr. J. W. Hulke we have to chronicle the decease of another eminent member of the medical profession, Sir William Scovell Savory. He was the eldest son of Mr. William Henry Savory, and was born Nov. 30, 1826. He went to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and until his death remained connected with it, latterly as consulting surgeon. He became a member of the College

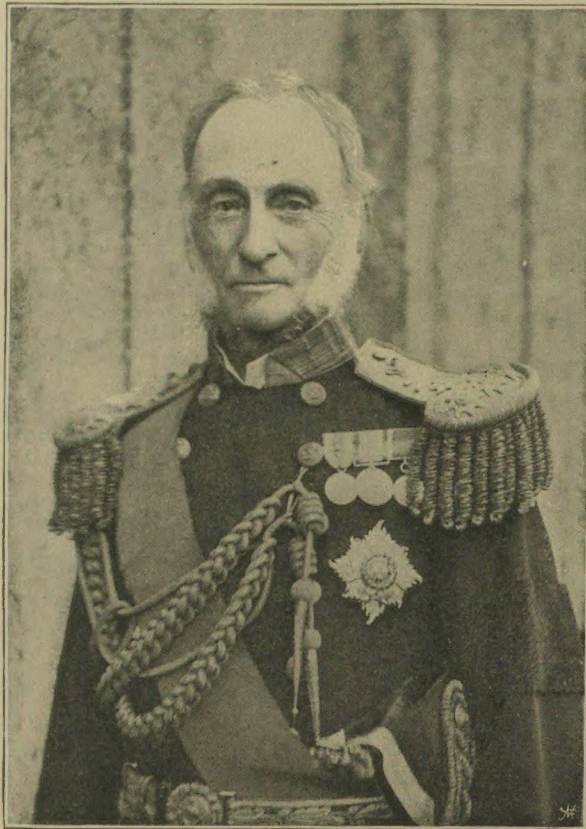


THE LATE SIR WILLIAM SCOVELL SAVORY, BART., M.D.

of Surgeons in 1847, and won the medical scholarship of the London University in the following year, when he graduated M.B. In 1852 he gained the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons, and afterwards became a most popular lecturer. For this work he had the rare qualification of delightful elocution, which made his lectures doubly pleasant, while his ability in surgery won a sincere admiration from the students. He was for some years President of the College of Surgeons, surgeon to Christ's Hospital, consulting surgeon to the Great Northern Hospital and other institutions. The Royal Society made him a Fellow, and the Queen conferred a baronetcy on her Surgeon-Extraordinary in 1890. Sir William married the daughter of Mr. William Borradaile, and by her he had an only son, the Rev. Borradaile Savory, Rector of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, West Smithfield, who succeeds his father in the baronetcy.

The British Navy has lost one of her greatest sons in Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Geoffrey Thomas Phipps Hornby, who died on March 3, aged seventy. He was the son of Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir) Phipps Hornby, and was born Feb. 20, 1825. At the age of twelve he entered the Navy, and his promotion was rapid, for in 1844 he was appointed to the *Cleopatra*, 26, which had much to do with the suppression of the slave trade on the Cape station. Next he was flag-lieutenant to his father in the *Asia*, 84, and subsequently was promoted to the rank of Commander. Having attained post rank in 1852, he returned to the Pacific as Captain of the *Tribune*, 31. It is unnecessary to do more than briefly mention his subsequent work. He was Captain of the *Neptune*, 86; then of the *Edgar*, 71. He was Commander-in-Chief on the West Coast of Africa from 1865 to 1867 on board the *Aristol*, 31, as Commodore of the first class. When only forty-four he was promoted to flag rank. He commanded the Detached Squadron, then was appointed to the chief command of the Channel, and, after becoming Vice-Admiral, was made Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean in 1877. He had in the latter capacity very strenuous duties, the anxiety of which only terminated with the signing of the Treaty of San Stefano.

Admiral Hornby was created K.C.B. in 1878 for his valuable services, and in 1881 he was chosen President of the Royal Naval College. He was Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth on board the *Duke of Wellington* from 1882 to 1885. His last command afloat was on the *Minotaur*.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR G. T. PHIPPS HORNBY.

during the manoeuvres of the Evolutionary Squadron in the summer of 1885. Towards the end of that year Sir Geoffrey retired, being created G.C.B. He retained the same keen interest in naval matters, and greatly impressed the German Emperor, to whom he acted as honorary aide-de-camp during his visit to Spithead in 1889. The Emperor invited Sir Geoffrey, who in the meantime had become Admiral of the Fleet, to witness the German naval manoeuvres in 1890, when he was accorded a most complimentary reception. He wrote an important work, entitled, "Squadrons of Exercise in the British Navy," and was expert with his pen, as was shown in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, than most naval men. The veteran Admiral, whose brother is Provost of Eton, spent the evening of his arduous life in rural retirement at his country seat in Hampshire, where he died.

At last a French duel has had a fatal result. M. Percher, better known as "Harry Alis," of the *Débats*, has been killed by Captain le Châtelier, with whom he had some dispute about commercial transactions in Africa. M. Percher made certain statements in the *Débats*, which Captain le Châtelier contradicted, but there was nothing in the controversy that reflected on the personal character of either disputant, and the challenge seems to have been prompted by some ancient feeling of rivalry. M. Percher was run through the body and died instantly. Though the duel is described as perfectly fair, it appears to have caused considerable disturbance among the journalists, who are in the habit of treating these "affairs of honour" with indulgence. No honour was involved in this case: it was simply a personal feud settled by logical brutality instead of the usual harmless exchange of scratches.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, by the way, has received a memorial begging him to discountenance duelling in the Austrian army. At present any officer who refuses a challenge is forced to give up his commission. The Emperor has undertaken to discourage this barbarous system; but it will probably prove too strong for him.

Captain John Jervis Palmer, Somersetshire Light Infantry, attached to the Egyptian Army, died at Wady



THE LATE CAPTAIN JOHN JERVIS PALMER.

Halfa on Jan. 23, aged thirty-two. He was son of Lieutenant Colonel Edmund Palmer, R.A., and joined the Army in 1883. He became captain in 1890; and attached himself to the Egyptian army on Jan. 1, 1886. He served with the Soudan Frontier Field Force in the following year, and was present in the engagement at Sarras as Staff Officer to Colonel Chermide, commanding the forces. Captain Palmer was mentioned in dispatches, and received the medal and Khedive's Star. He also served as A.D.C. to Colonel Hotted Smith in the engagements of Gemaizah, 1888, and Sokar, 1892, receiving clasps and fourth class of the Medjidie.

Europe is not mourning for Ismail Pasha. That monumental specimen of the corrupt Oriental had lived in comfortable seclusion at Constantinople on the booty which the too-indulgent Powers permitted him to carry off when they found it necessary to exile him from Egypt. It is calculated that when he was Khedive he involved his country in debt to the tune of eighty millions sterling. One entertainment alone, which he gave at the opening of the Suez Canal, is said to have cost a million. Yet when Ismail was sent about his business the Powers actually made him a special gift of two millions. To his crazy extravagance is due the impoverishment from which Egypt is unlikely to recover, and the political complications which are a standing menace to the good relations between England and France.

It is satisfactory to note that since Lord Dufferin's speech about those relations the tone of the French Press towards this country has been much less unfriendly. The British Ambassador in Paris was at one time the object of studied insults, but he has reduced even his most persistent traducers to silence.

Time was when the *Daily Telegraph* was the most ardent advocate of Turkey in the English Press. The Bulgarian atrocities were treated by our contemporary with utter incredulity; but now a special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* is sending home the most awful accounts of the atrocities in Armenia that have yet been published. The identity of this informant is not known, and it is perhaps a little unreasonable to ask for the publication of his name, seeing that he is carrying on his investigations at considerable personal risk. Moreover, he is giving very detailed statements of the inquiry conducted by the International Commission, the members of which appear to have had incidents of Kurdish barbarity under their own observation.

Miss Anna Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, has lately married the Count de Castellane, to whom she is said to have brought a fortune of three millions sterling. Another American heiress, Miss Lester, is about to marry Mr. George Curzon, who is the eldest son of Lord Scarsdale, and who protests by Bill in the House of Commons against the fate which threatens to remove him some day to the House of Lords. Mr. Curzon is a distinguished traveller, and has hobnobbed with the Ameer of Afghanistan. Indeed, it is believed that to Mr. Curzon's persuasion is due Abdurrahman's intention to visit England in the summer.

The death of Mr. Frederic Chapman at an advanced age snaps an interesting link in literature. As the head of the firm of Chapman and Hall, Mr. Frederic Chapman had direct relations with three of the most notable figures in English letters—Dickens, Carlyle, and George Meredith. The last contract which the firm made with Dickens was for £7500, to be paid for "Edwin Drood," which remains a not very happy fragment of its author's genius.

Mr. Alfred Gibbons, of the *Lady's Pictorial*, is launching a new weekly paper, which is intended for the great penny public. It is entitled the *Happy Home*, and is an attractive little magazine of sixty-eight pages, with numerous illustrations dealing with fashions of the day and many other topics specially interesting to ladies. It would be difficult to find more readable matter for one penny, and it is safe to prophesy success for the *Happy Home* among the fair sex.

The musical services at Westminster Abbey will not seem quite the same to many people who have grown accustomed to appreciate the enthusiasm of the late Rev. Samuel Flood Jones, Precentor and Minor Canon, who died on Feb. 26. The evening service choir in particular will miss Mr. Jones, who did so much to render it efficient. His connection with the Abbey that he loved so well commenced in 1857, when he became Deputy Minor Canon, advancing to a Minor Canonry two years later, and becoming Precentor in 1868. Mr. Flood Jones was an admirable musician, and, it may be remembered, it was he who chanted the service which celebrated the Queen's Jubilee in Westminster Abbey. He was chaplain to Sir Joseph Renals when the latter was Sheriff of the City of London, and he was filling the same office to Sir Joseph during his present Mayoralty. The Precentor was sixty-eight years of age.



THE LATE REV. SAMUEL FLOOD JONES.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle, with her daughters the Empress Frederick of Germany and Princess Henry of Battenberg, has been visited by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Count Deym, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and the Earl of Kimberley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Kung Tajen, the Chinese Ambassador, who presented a letter and gifts from the Dowager Empress of China, and Count Kato, the new Japanese Ambassador, were introduced by Lord Kimberley; her Majesty received also on Feb. 27 eight gentlemen, upon whom she conferred the honour of knighthood. On Friday evening, March 1, a concert was performed by the Scottish Orchestra, in St. George's Hall, before the Queen and the royal family and the visitors at the Castle. On Monday, March 4, her Majesty came to London, and held a Drawing-Room next day at Buckingham Palace, returning to Windsor on Wednesday.

The Prince of Wales is at Cannes; the Princess at Sandringham. The Duke of Cambridge went on to Naples, where he embarked on March 2 for Malta, to inspect the garrison. The Duchess of Coburg has arrived at Darmstadt to attend the confinement of her daughter the Grand Duchess of Hesse. The Duke of Coburg is at Vienna.

The London County Council elections took place on Saturday, March 2. There are 118 Councillors elected, for three years, by the fifty-eight local constituencies, the City of London having four representatives and the other constituencies—namely, parishes or divisions of larger parishes—each two members of the Council. Nine Aldermen will now be elected by the Council itself, ten of the present Aldermen remaining in office. They may be appointed from persons not previously elected Councillors. Almost every seat was contested at the polls between the Progressives, or partisans of the majority—chiefly Liberals, or adherents of the existing Ministry—in the late County Council, and the Moderates, who belong generally to the Conservative or Unionist political party. The result is that the Progressive majority has been lost, and the two parties have become precisely equal in the numbers of their elected Councillors—fifty-nine on each side. The Moderate party gained twenty-four seats at this election, winning two seats at Brixton, Norwood, Greenwich, Lewisham, North Kensington, Mile End, St. George's-in-the-East, and one seat at Chelsea, Kennington, Clapham, Deptford, Rotherhithe, Woolwich, North Hackney, Whitechapel, and South St. Pancras; while the Progressives won a seat at West Islington. Earl Cadogan in Chelsea, the Earl of Dudley in Holborn, and Lord Mountmorres at Mile End—peers belonging to the Moderate party—were at the head of their polls. Lord Dunraven was elected for Wandsworth. On the other side, Earl Russell was elected for West Newington, Lord Carrington for West St. Pancras, and Lord Monkswell for Haggerston. Three peers were unsuccessful—namely, the Earl of Durham, in East St. Pancras, Lord Ribblesdale, in West Marylebone, and the Earl of Donoughmore, in South Hackney. Sir Blundell Maple was returned with Sir John Hutton, his political opponent, Chairman of the late Council, in South St. Pancras. Mr. T. G. Fardell, M.P., Mr. E. Boulnois, M.P., Colonel Hughes (Woolwich), Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P.; and, on the other side, Mr. Benn, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. McDougall, and Mr. John Burns, were again elected. The City returned Alderman Sir John Dimsdale and the Duke of Norfolk. The aggregate of votes for the Moderate party candidates has increased since the last election, by 27,000, while the aggregate for the Progressives has decreased by 5000. Upon this occasion the nine retiring Aldermen being all of the Progressive party, and Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Beachcroft the only Moderates of the ten Aldermen who continue, it may be expected that there will be an effort to render the Aldermanic representation of the two parties more equal, in accordance with their situation among the elected Councillors. The election of a Chairman takes place on Tuesday, March 12.

The National Rifle Association on Feb. 27 held its annual meeting for the first time in the new rooms of the United Service Institution at Whitehall. Earl Waldegrave was in the chair. It was stated that for the last few years there had been a steady decline in the number of entries for the shooting competition at the Bisley meetings, which had caused a serious reduction of the income of this Association.

A meeting of London and provincial telegraph clerks, over which Sir Albert Rolit presided on Feb. 27, passed resolutions urging the Treasury to appoint a commission of inquiry concerning the inadequate scales of salaries allowed them by the Postmaster-General, whose replies to their recent deputations on this matter had given much dissatisfaction.

The Peabody trustees, in their thirtieth annual report, state that the net gain of their fund in the past year, from rents and interest, has been £29,995, and the fund now amounts to £1,140,904. They have expended altogether £1,249,696 on land and buildings, and have paid off £278,833 of the sum of £390,000 borrowed from the Public Works Loan Commissioners and others. They have provided for the poor of London 11,371 rooms, besides bath-rooms, laundries, and lavatories, constituting 5121 separate dwellings, mostly of two or three rooms, occupied by more than 23,000 persons, who pay an average rent of 2s. 1½d. for each room. The average yearly earnings of each head of a family are £1 3s. 5d. The death-rate,

especially of infants, is greatly below the average of London.

The engine-driver and fireman of an empty goods' train at Wood Green, Hornsey, on the Great Northern Railway, were killed on Feb. 28 by the engine going off the rails and being overturned.

The Glasgow Theatre Royal, belonging to Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, was completely destroyed by fire on Friday, March 1; the value of the property is estimated at £30,000.

The greatest interest has been felt in the cricket match played at Melbourne, during five days, between Mr. A. E. Stoddart's English team and eleven picked men of All Australia. The former consisted of Messrs. Stoddart, W. Brockwell, A. Ward, J. T. Brown, A. C. MacLaren, Peel, Lockwood, F. G. J. Ford, Briggs, Richardson, and H. S. Philipson. The colonial players were Messrs. S. E. Gregory, G. Giffen, J. J. Lyons, W. Bruce, G. H. S. Trott, J. Darling, A. H. Jarvis, F. A. Iredale, T. R. McKibbin, H. Graham, and A. E. Trott. The Australians made, in their first innings, the great score of 414 runs, and in their second innings 267. In the first innings of the English team 385 runs were scored, of which Mr. A. C. MacLaren got 120. Their second innings began at six o'clock in the afternoon on Monday, March 5, requiring 298 runs to win the match. The result on Tuesday was that the English players won with six wickets to spare.

The French Chamber of Deputies has been occupied with debates on the Colonial Government questions. A journalist,

PARLIAMENT.

The Government have obtained priority for their business on Tuesdays and at morning sittings on Fridays. This procedure is unprecedented so early in the session, but it was defended on the ground that with the ordinary time at their disposal, Ministers would not make any progress with their measures before Easter. Sir William Harcourt's resolution was carried by a majority of fifteen, the Parnellites abstaining from the division. The Factories Bill, the Irish Land Bill, and the Welsh Disestablishment Bill have now been read a first time. The first of these measures is an important advance on the Bill of last Session. There is a statutory definition of overcrowding. The employment of children in the cleansing of machinery is prohibited. If an inspector thinks it necessary, the Court of Summary Jurisdiction may order the provision of movable fire-escapes in a factory. Mr. Asquith undertook to raise the age at which children may be employed from eleven to twelve years, if such were the disposition of the House. Laundries are to be subject to inspection, and the responsibility of employers for the sanitary condition of the homes of outworkers increased. In the preliminary debate a general approval of the Bill was expressed. Mr. John Morley introduced the Irish Land Bill in a long and complicated statement. The main purpose of the measure is to amend the Land Act of 1881, so as to prevent a tenant from being rented on his own improvements. Incidentally Mr. Morley proposes to re-enact Section Thirteen of the Land Purchase Act, which enabled

evicted tenants to resume possession of their holdings by voluntary agreement with their landlords. The Chief Secretary explained that he did not regard this proposal with any sanguine expectation, but that it was inserted to conciliate the Opposition, and especially the House of Lords. Mr. Carson indicated that the provision for giving the tenant the whole letting value of his improvements would be resisted; but on the other hand, Mr. T. W. Russell emphatically approved the plan, and more than one Ulster Conservative member spoke favourably of the Bill as a whole. Its details, however, are so complex that, as Mr. Carson said, its discussion will occupy an indefinite period. A Bill for establishing local boards of conciliation on labour disputes has also been read a first time, after a debate revealing much divergence of opinion as to the utility of the Government proposals. Some progress has been made with the Estimates, embarrassed by the influenza, which has attacked the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, not to mention a considerable number of private members.

ISMAIL PASHA, THE LATE KHEDIVE.

The whirligig of time brings its revenges. Thirty years ago the name of Ismail Pasha was very familiar to Englishmen; his death at Constantinople, on March 2, produces to-day not a ripple on the pond of politics. He was the second son of Ibrahim, and grandson of Mohammed Ali. He was born Dec. 31, 1830, and was educated in Paris, whither he was afterwards sent on a mission. He was proclaimed Viceroy in 1863. His head was turned by the possibilities of his position and its, to him, boundless wealth. He conducted the negotiations with M. de Lesseps relative to the Suez Canal with Eastern astuteness, and when the great engineering work was opened in 1869 Ismail entertained royal visitors with lavish magnificence. For twelve years he reigned in the most extravagant manner, creating a huge national debt in the light-hearted way which was the "note" of his life. He was fond of European ideas, and did his best to infuse them into the government of Egypt, but the climax came to his career at last. Needing money, he sold his Suez Canal shares to the British Govern-

ment for £4,000,000, boasting that he had made £40,000 profit out of the bargain. Mr. Stephen Cave, M.P., and Colonel Stokes went out in 1875 to examine the finances of the country, and in the following year Mr. Goschen paid his famous visit in company with M. Joubert, on behalf of the English and French bondholders. Mr. (now Sir Charles) Rivers Wilson next inspected the monetary position of the Viceroy, and accepted the post of Egyptian Minister of Finance in 1878. The report of the Commission of Inquiry showed clearly that the key of the situation lay in the suppression of Ismail's extravagance. He had to surrender his private property (much of which was restored to him through Sir W. T. Marriott's interposition a few years ago), and was otherwise limited in his powers. Nubar Pasha became Premier, but the Ministry was overthrown in 1879, and Prince Tewfik succeeded Nubar for a few weeks. This Cabinet having come to an end, England and France united to urge the Sultan of Turkey to take action. Accordingly, a firman was issued deposing Ismail and appointing Tewfik to reign in his stead. Ismail therefore abdicated on June 26, 1879, and five days later left Egypt for ever. He resided at first at Naples, but was permitted by the Sultan to return to his palace on the Bosphorus. The writer not long ago saw the deposed Khedive riding through the streets of Constantinople, wearing an air of settled melancholy on his sallow countenance. He took very little interest in the events which happened in the country over which he used to rule. He had, it should in justice be stated, owed his downfall to the unwise counsels of men who made a tool of him for their own purposes. He was one of the many examples of men who have nothing but their hereditary descent to fit them for rulers, and of Ismail it may truthfully be said "Egypt was glad" when he departed.



ISMAIL PASHA, THE LATE KHEDIVE.

M. Percher, was killed on March 7 in the ball-room of a suburban Parisian casino, in a sword-duel with M. le Châtelier, formerly a captain of the French army, but latterly manager for an African Company.

The Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia has appointed Prince Lobanoff, who for some years past has been Russian Ambassador at Vienna, to succeed the late M. de Giers as Imperial Chancellor and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The session of the United States Congress at Washington has been closed with no important legislation. The Senate has rejected the Bill for a submarine telegraph to the Hawaiian Islands.

A disastrous railway accident has taken place on the Inter-Oceanic line, thirty miles from the city of Mexico, by which nearly two hundred passengers were killed.

On March 2 a train between Bombay and Calcutta ran off the line at Jubulpore; one passenger, the engine-driver, and the fireman were badly injured, and the brakesman was killed.

In the Spanish South American Republic of Colombia the insurgents have defeated the Government troops at Cucuta in a fierce battle, with eight hundred men killed on both sides.

A yacht on the Swan River, near Perth, West Australia, was capsized on March 3; four gentlemen, Messrs. Driffeld, Fox, Harding, and Darlot, were drowned; Mr. Florence O'Driscoll, M.P., saved his life by swimming.

The Orient Line steam-ship *Oroya*, bound from England to Australia by the Suez route, ran aground in the Bay of Naples on March 4, but is likely to be got off without great damage. The passengers were safely landed, but three seamen were accidentally drowned by the upsetting of a boat.



THE NEW GIRAFFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK: ARTISTS ON DUTY.

The giraffe which has recently lent a new glory to the Zoo has been, ever since its arrival at Regent's Park, "the cynosure of all eyes." The beautiful animal has submitted with the best of grace to the inevitable interviewer, and has posed most excellently for the benefit of the continuous procession of artists who have made more or less accurate and pleasing pictures of London's latest distinguished visitor.



EVE'S RANSOM

BY

GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

XIX.

After a week's inquiry, Hilliard discovered the lodging that would suit his purpose. It was at Camp Hill; two small rooms at the top of a house, the ground-floor of which was occupied as a corn-dealer's shop, and the storey above tenanted by a working optician with a blind wife. On condition of papering the rooms and doing a few repairs necessary to make them habitable, he secured them at the low rent of four shillings a week.

Eve paid her first visit to this delectable abode on a Sunday afternoon; she saw only the sitting-room, which would bear inspection; the appearance of the bed-room was happily left to her surmise. Less than a five-pound note had paid for the whole furnishing. Notwithstanding the reckless invitation to Eve to share his fortunes straightway, Hilliard, after paying his premium of fifty guineas to the Birching Brothers, found but a very small remnant in hand of the money with which he had set forth from Dudley some nine months ago. Yet not for a moment did he repine; he had the value of his outlay; his mind was stored with memories and his heart strengthened with hope.

At her second coming—she herself now occupied a poor little lodging not very far away—Eve beheld sundry improvements. By the fireside stood a great leather chair, deep, high-backed, wondrously self-assertive over against the creaky cane seat which before had dominated the room. Against the wall was a high bookcase, where Hilliard's volumes, previously piled on the floor, stood in loose array; and above the mantelpiece hung a framed engraving of the Parthenon.

"This is dreadful extravagance!" she exclaimed, pausing at the threshold, and eying her welcomer with mock reproof.

"It is, but not on my part. The things came a day or two ago, simply addressed to me from shops."

"Who was the giver, then?"

"Must be Narramore, of course. He was here not long ago, and growled a good deal because I hadn't a decent chair for his lazy bones."

"I am much obliged to him," said Eve, as she sank back in the seat of luxurious repose. "You ought to hang his portrait in the room. Haven't you a photograph?" she added carelessly.

"Such a thing doesn't exist. Like myself, he hasn't had a portrait taken since he was a child. A curious thing, by-the-bye, that you should have had yours taken just when you did. Of course it was because you were going far away for the first time; but it marked a point in your life, and put on record the Eve Madeley whom no one would see again. If I can't get that photograph in any other way I shall go and buy, beg, or steal it from Mrs. Brewer."

"Oh, you shall have one, if you insist upon it."

"Why did you refuse it before?"

"I hardly know—a fancy—I thought you would keep looking at it, and regretting that I had changed so."

As on her previous visit, she soon ceased to talk, and, in listening to Hilliard, showed unconsciously a tired, despondent face.

"Nothing yet," fell from her lips, when he had watched her silently.

"Never mind; I hate the mention of it."

"By-the-bye," he resumed, "Narramore astounded me by hinting at marriage. It's Miss Birching, the sister of my man. It hasn't come to an engagement yet, and if it ever does I shall give Miss Birching the credit for it. It would have amused you to hear him talking about her, with a pipe in his mouth and half asleep. I understand

now why he took young Birching with him to Switzerland. He'll never carry it through; unless, as I said, Miss Birching takes the decisive step."

"Is she the kind of girl to do that?" asked Eve, waking to curiosity.

"I know nothing about her, except from Narramore's sleepy talk. Rather an arrogant beauty, according to him. He told me a story of how, when he was calling upon her, she begged him to ring the bell for something or other, and he was so slow in getting up that she went and rang it herself. 'Her own fault,' he said; 'she asked me to sit on a chair with a seat some six inches above the ground; and how can a man hurry up from a thing of that sort?'"

"He must be a strange man. Of course he doesn't care anything about Miss Birching."

"But I think he does, in his way."

"How did he ever get on at all in business?"

"Oh, he's one of the lucky men," Hilliard replied, with a touch of good-natured bitterness. "He never exerted himself; good things fell into his mouth. People got to like him—that's one explanation, no doubt."

"Don't you think he may have more energy than you imagine?"

"It's possible. I have sometimes wondered."

"What sort of life does he lead? Has he many friends, I mean?"

"Very few. I should doubt whether there's anyone he talks with as he does with me. He'll never get much good out of his money; but if he fell into real poverty—poverty like mine—it would kill him. I know he looks at me as an astonishing creature, and marvels that I don't buy a good dose of chloral and have done with it."

Eve did not join in his laugh.

"I can't bear to hear you speak of your poverty," she said in an undertone. "You remind me that I am the cause of it."

"Good Heavens! As if I should mention it if I were capable of such a thought!"

"But it's the fact," she persisted, with something like irritation. "But for me, you would have gone into the architect's office with enough to live upon comfortably for a time."



"I am much obliged to him," said Eve, as she sank back in the seat of luxurious repose.

"That's altogether unlikely," Hilliard declared. "But for you, it's improbable that I should have gone to Birching's at all. At this moment I should be spending my money in idleness, and, in the end, should have gone back to what I did before. You have given me a start in a new life."

This, and much more of the same tenor, failed to bring a light upon Eve's countenance. At length she asked suddenly, with a defiant bluntness:

"Have you ever thought what sort of a wife I am likely to make?"

Hilliard tried to laugh, but was disagreeably impressed by her words and the look that accompanied them.

"I have thought about it, to be sure," he answered carelessly.

"And don't you feel a need of courage?"

"Of course. And not only the need, but the courage itself."

"Tell me the real, honest truth." She bent forward, and gazed at him with eyes one might have thought hostile. "I demand the truth of you: I have a right to know it. Don't you often wish you had never seen me?"

"You're in a strange mood."

"Don't put me off. Answer!"

"To ask such a question," he replied quietly, "is to charge me with a great deal of hypocrisy. I did *once* all but wish I had never seen you. If I lost you now I should lose what seems to me the strongest desire of my life. Do you suppose I sit down and meditate on your capacity as cook or housemaid? It would be very prudent and laudable, but I have other thoughts—that give me trouble enough."

"What thoughts?"

"Such as one doesn't talk about—if you insist on frankness."

Her eyes wandered.

"It's only right to tell you," she said, after silence, "that I dread poverty as much as ever I did. And I think poverty in marriage a thousand times worse than when one is alone."

"Well, we agree in that. But why do you insist upon it just now? Are *you* beginning to be sorry that we ever met?"

"Not a day passes but I feel sorry for it."

"I suppose you are harping on the old scruple. Why will you plague me about it?"

"I mean," said Eve, with eyes down, "that you are the worse off for having met me, but I mean something else as well. Do you think it possible that anyone can owe too much gratitude, even to a person one likes?"

He regarded her attentively.

"You feel the burden?"

She delayed her answer, glancing at him with a new expression—a deprecating tenderness.

"It's better to tell you. I *do* feel it, and have always felt it."

"Confound this infernal atmosphere!" Hilliard broke out wrathfully. "It's making you morbid again. Come here to me! Eve—come!"

As she sat motionless, he caught her hands and drew her forward, and sat down again with her passive body resting upon his knees. She was pale, and looked frightened.

"Your gratitude be hanged! Pay me back with your lips—so—and so! Can't you understand that when my lips touch yours, I have a delight that would be well purchased with years of semi-starvation? What is it to me how I won you? You are mine for good and all—that's enough."

She drew herself away, and stood brightly flushed, touching her hair to set it in order again. Hilliard, with difficulty controlling himself, said in a husky voice:

"Is the mood gone?"

Eve nodded, and sighed.

XX.

At the time appointed for their next meeting, Hilliard waited in vain. An hour passed, and Eve, who had the uncommon virtue of punctuality, still did not come. The weather was miserable—rain, fog, and slush—but this had heretofore proved no obstacle, for her lodgings were situated less than half a mile away. Afraid of missing her if he went out, he fretted through another hour, and was at length relieved by the arrival of a letter of explanation. Eve wrote that she had been summoned to Dudley; her father was stricken with alarming illness, and her brother had telegraphed.

For two days he heard nothing; then came a few lines which told him that Mr. Madeley could not live many more hours. On the morrow Eve wrote that her father was dead.

To the letter which he thereupon dispatched Hilliard had no reply for nearly a week. When Eve wrote, it was from a new address at Dudley. After thanking him for the kind words with which he had sought to comfort her, she continued:

"I have at last found something to do, and it was quite time, for I have been very miserable, and work is the best thing for me. Mr. Welland, my first employer, when I was twelve years old, has asked me to come and keep his books for him, and I am to live in his house. My brother has gone into lodgings, and we see no more of the cottage on Kate's Hill. It's a pity I have to be so far from you again, but there seems to be no hope of getting anything to do in Birmingham, and here I shall be comfortable enough, as

far as mere living goes. On Sunday I shall be quite free, and will come over as often as possible; but I have caught a bad cold, and must be content to keep in the house until this dreadful weather changes. Be more careful of yourself than you generally are, and let me hear often. In a few months' time we shall be able to spend pleasant hours on the Castle Hill. I have heard from Patty, and want to tell you about her letter, but this cold makes me feel too stupid. Will write again soon."

It happened that Hilliard himself was just now blind and voiceless with a catarrh. The news from Dudley by no means solaced him. He crouched over his fire through the long, black day, tormented with many miseries, and at eventide drank half a bottle of whisky, piping hot, which at least assured him a night's sleep.

Just to see what would be the result of his silence, he wrote no reply to this letter. A fortnight elapsed; he strengthened himself in stubbornness, aided by the catarrh, which many bottles of whisky would not overcome. When his solitary confinement grew at length insufferable, he sent for Narramore, and had not long to wait before his friend appeared. Narramore was rosy as ever: satisfaction with life beamed from his countenance.

"I've ordered you in some wine," he exclaimed genially, sinking into the easy-chair which Hilliard had vacated for him—an instance of selfishness in small things which did not affect his generosity in greater. "It isn't easy to get good port nowadays, but they tell me that this is not injurious. Hasn't young Birching been to see you? No, I suppose he would think it *infra dig.* to come to this neighbourhood. There's a confounded self-conceit in that family: you must have noticed it, eh? It comes out very strongly in the girl. By-the-bye, I've done with her—haven't been there for three weeks, and don't think I shall go again, unless it's for the pleasure of saying or doing something that'll irritate her royal highness."

"Did you quarrel?"

"Quarrel? I never quarrel with anyone; it's bad for one's nerves."

"Did you get as far as proposing?"

"Oh, I left *her* to do that. Women are making such a row about their rights nowadays, that it's as well to show you grant them perfect equality. I gave her every chance of saying something definite. I maintain that she trifled with my affections. She asked me what my views in life were. Ah, thought I, now it's coming; and I answered modestly that everything depended on circumstances. I might have said it depended on the demand for brass bedsteads; but perhaps that would have verged on indelicacy—you know that I am delicacy personified. 'I thought,' said Miss Birching, 'that a man of any energy made his own circumstances?' 'Energy!' I shouted. 'Do you look for energy in *me*? It's the greatest compliment anyone ever paid me.' At that she seemed desperately annoyed, and wouldn't pursue the subject. That's how it always was, just when the conversation grew interesting."

"I'm sorry to see you so cut up about it," remarked Hilliard.

"None of your irony, old fellow. Well, the truth is, I've seen someone I like better."

"Not surprised."

"It's a queer story; I'll tell it you some day, if it comes to anything. I'm not at all sure that it will, as there seems to be a sort of lurking danger that I may make a fool of myself."

"Impossible!" commented the listener. "Your blood is too temperate."

"So I thought; but one never knows. Unexpected feelings crop up in a fellow. We won't talk about it just now. How have things been going in the architectural line?"

"Not amiss. Steadily, I think."

Narramore lay back at full length, his face turned to the ceiling.

"Since I've been living out yonder, I've got a taste for the country. I have a notion that, if brass bedsteads keep firm, I shall some day build a little house of my own; an inexpensive little house, with a tree or two about it. Just make me a few sketches, will you? When you've nothing better to do, you know."

He played with the idea, till it took strong hold of him, and he began to talk with most unwonted animation.

"Five or six thousand pounds—I ought to be able to sink that in a few years. Not enough, eh? But I don't want a mansion. I'm quite serious about this, Hilliard. When you're feeling ready to start on your own account, you shall have the job."

Hilliard laughed grimly at the supposition that he would ever attain professional independence, but his friend talked on, and overleaped difficulties with a buoyancy of spirit which ultimately had its effect upon the listener. When he was alone again, Hilliard felt better, both in body and mind, and that evening, over the first bottle of Narramore's port, he amused himself with sketching ideal cottages.

"The fellow's in love, at last. When a man thinks of pleasant little country houses, 'with a tree or two' about them—"

He sighed, and ground his teeth, and sketched on.

Before bedtime, a sudden and profound shame possessed him. Was he not behaving outrageously in neglecting to answer Eve's letter? For all he knew the cold of which she complained might have caused her more suffering than

he himself had gone through from the like cause, and that was bad enough. He seized paper and wrote to her as he had never written before, borne on the very high flood of passionate longing. Without regard to prudence he left the house at midnight and posted his letter.

"It never occurred to me to blame you for not writing," Eve quickly replied; "I'm afraid you are more sensitive than I am, and, to tell the truth, I believe men generally are more sensitive than women in things of this kind. It pleased me very much to hear of the visit you had had from Mr. Narramore, and that he had cheered you. I do so wish I could have come, but I have really been quite ill, and I must not think of risking a journey till the weather improves. Don't trouble about it; I will write often."

"I told you about a letter I had had from poor Patty, and I want to ask you to do something. Will you write to her? Just a nice, friendly little letter. She would be so delighted, she would indeed. There's no harm in copying a line or two from what she sent me. 'Has Mr. Hilliard forgotten all about me?' she says. 'I would write to him but I feel afraid. Not afraid of *you*, dear Eve, but he might feel I was impertinent. What do you think? We had such delicious times together, he and you and I, and I really don't want him to forget me altogether?' Now I have told her that there is no fear whatever of your forgetting her, and that we often speak of her. I begin to think that I have been unjust to Patty in calling her silly, and making fun of her. She was anything but foolish in breaking off with that absurd Mr. Dally, and I can see now that she will never give a thought to him again. What I fear is that the poor girl will never find anyone good enough for her. The men she meets are very vulgar, and vulgar Patty is *not*—as you once said to me, you remember. So, if you can spare a minute, write her a few lines, to show that you still think of her. Her address is —, etc."

To Hilliard all this seemed merely a pleasant proof of Eve's amiability, of her freedom from that acrid monopolism which characterises the ignoble female in her love relations. Straightway he did as he was requested, and penned to Miss Ringrose a chatty epistle, with which she could not but be satisfied. A day or two brought him an answer. Patty's handwriting lacked distinction, and in the matter of orthography she was not beyond reproach, but her letter chirped with a prettily expressed gratitude. "I am living with my aunt, and am likely to for a long time. And I get on very well at my new shop, which I have no wish to leave." This was her only allusion to the shattered matrimonial project. "I wish there was any chance of you and Eve coming to live in London, but I suppose that's too good to hope for. We don't get many things as we wish them in this world. And yet I oughtn't to say that either, for if it hadn't been for you I should never have seen Paris, which was so awfully jolly! But you'll be coming for a holiday, won't you? I should so like just to see you, if ever you do. It isn't like it was at the old shop. There's a great deal of business done here, and very little time to talk to anyone in the shop. But many girls have worse things to put up with than I have, and I won't make you think I'm a grumbler."

The whole of January went by before Hilliard and Eve again saw each other. The lover wrote at length that he could bear it no longer, that he was coming to Dudley, if only for the mere sight of Eve's face; she must meet him in the waiting-room at the railway station. She answered by return of post, 'I will come over next Sunday, and be with you at twelve o'clock, but I must leave very early, as I am afraid to be out after nightfall.' And this engagement was kept.

The dress of mourning became her well; it heightened her always noticeable air of refinement, and would have constrained to a reverential tenderness even had not Hilliard naturally checked himself from any bolder demonstration of joy. She spoke in a low, soft voice, seldom raised her eyes, and manifested a new gentleness very touching to Hilliard, though at the same time, and he knew not how or why, it did not answer to his desire. A midday meal was in readiness for her; she pretended to eat, but in reality scarce touched the food.

"You must taste old Narramore's port wine," said her entertainer. "The fellow actually sent a couple of dozen."

She was not to be persuaded; her refusal puzzled and annoyed Hilliard, and there followed a long silence. Indeed, it surprised him to find how little they could say to each other to-day. An unknown restraint had come between them.

"Well," he exclaimed at length, "I wrote to Patty, and she answered."

"May I see the letter?"

"Of course. Here it is."

Eve read it, and smiled with pleasure.

"Doesn't she write nicely! Poor girl!"

"Why have you taken so to commiserating her all at once?" Hilliard asked. "She's no worse off than she ever was. Rather better, I think."

"Life isn't the same for her since she was in Paris," said Eve, with peculiar softness.

"Well, perhaps it improved her."

"Oh, it certainly did! But it gave her a feeling of discontent for the old life and the people about her."

"A good many of us have to suffer that. She's nothing like as badly off as you are, my dear girl."

Eve coloured, and kept silence.

"We shall hear of her getting married before long," resumed Hilliard. "She told me herself that marriage was the scourge of music-shops—it carries off their young women at such a rate."

"She told you that? It was in one of your long talks together in London? Patty and you got on capitally together. It was very natural she shouldn't care much for men like Mr. Dally afterwards."

Hilliard puzzled over this remark, and was on the point of making some impatient reply, but discretion restrained him. He turned to Eve's own affairs, questioned her closely about her life in the tradesman's house, and so their conversation followed a smoother course. Presently, half in jest, Hilliard mentioned Narramore's building projects.

"But who knows? It *might* come to something of importance for me. In two or three years, if all goes well, such a thing might possibly give me a start."

A singular solemnity had settled upon Eve's countenance. She spoke not a word, and seemed unaccountably ill at ease.

"Do you think I am in the clouds?" said Hilliard.

"Oh, no! Why shouldn't you get on—as other men do?"

But she would not dwell upon the hope, and Hilliard, not a little vexed, again became silent.

Her next visit was after a lapse of three weeks. She had again been suffering from a slight illness, and her pallor alarmed Hilliard. Again she began with talk of Patty Ringrose.

"Do you know, there's really a chance that we may see her before long! She'll have a holiday at Easter, from the Thursday night to Monday night, and I have all but got her to promise that she'll come over here. Wouldn't it be fun to let her see the Black Country? You remember her talk about it. I could get her a room, and if it's at all bearable weather, we would all have a day somewhere. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes; but I should greatly prefer a day with you alone."

"Oh, of course, the time is coming for that. Would you let us come here one day?"

With a persistence not to be mistaken Eve avoided all intimate topics; at the same time her manner grew more cordial. Through February and March she decidedly improved in health. Hilliard saw her seldom, but she wrote frequent letters, and their note was as that of her conversation—lively, all but sportive. Once again she had become a mystery to her lover; he pondered over her very much as in the days when they were newly acquainted. Of one thing he felt but too well assured. She did not love him as he desired to be loved. Constant she might be, but it was the constancy of a woman unaffected with ardent emotion. If she granted him her lips they had no fervour respondent to his own; she made a sport of it, forgot it as soon as possible. Upon Hilliard's vehement nature this acted provocatively. Yet Eve's control of him grew more assured the less she granted of herself; a look, a motion of her lips, and he drew apart, quivering but subdued. At one such moment he exclaimed:

"You had better not come here at all. I love you too insanely."

Eve looked at him, and silently began to shed tears. He implored her pardon, prostrated himself, behaved in a manner that justified his warning. But Eve stifled the serious drama of the situation, and forced him to laugh with her.

In these days architectural study made little way.

Patty Ringrose was coming for the Easter holidays. She would arrive on Good Friday. "As the weather is so very bad still," wrote Eve to Hilliard, "will you let us come to see you on Saturday? Sunday may be better for an excursion of some sort."

And thus it was arranged. Hilliard made ready his room to receive the fair visitors, who would come at about eleven in the morning. As usual nowadays, he felt discontented, but, after all, Patty's influence might be a help to him, as it had been in worse straits.

(To be continued.)

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

X.—COLTSFOOT FLOWERS.

Down by the streamlet in the Frying Pan, in the heavy clay soil of the bank, I see this morning the flower-scapes of the coltsfoot are lifting betimes their curious bent heads. Two days more, and they will star the bare earth with their golden blossoms. That is a sure sign that winter is over, the labourers will tell you, weatherwise in their ancestral lore; and, indeed, the coltsfoot is a prudent and a wary herb, which I have seldom known go wrong in its calculation of probabilities. It makes its own weather forecast, independently of the Meteorological Office; and it backs its opinion. As long as it thinks frost is likely to recur, it "lies low," like Br'er Rabbit; but as soon as it feels pretty confident the worst is past, and no more hard weather will come to nip it in the bud, it boldly sends up its leafless flower-stem, looking more like a shoot of asparagus than anything else with which most people are familiar. I have never seen it make a serious mistake, even in the sunniest and most treacherous English spring weather.

Who gave it its wisdom?—to parody Mr. Swinburne. How did it come so well to time itself as the earliest among our conspicuous spring flowers? Well, coltsfoot is a composite, belonging to the same minor group as the common

The flower-stem of coltsfoot rises bare and leafless, save for a few small scales, such as one sees on asparagus; but it is thickly covered with a warm cottony wool, to keep out winter, and the buds are bent down so as to protect them at once from chill and from injury. Each stem terminates in a single pretty fluffy yellow flower-head, composed of innumerable golden florets of two kinds—those of the ray very narrow and ragged, giving the entire head its characteristic tasselled appearance; while those of the central disk are much larger and bell-shaped. The entire blossom looks like a dandelion at first sight to a careless observer; but when you come to examine it closely, it is a far more dignified and beautiful flower. The tone of its yellow is richer, yet mellow, and its fluffy little ray-florets have a Japanesque charm in their flowing looseness.

So long as the flowers continue to bloom, you see no leaves; whence it comes about that many people know well the blossoms of coltsfoot in spring, and the foliage in summer, without having the faintest idea that they belong to one another. But if you keep your eye on the place where the yellow stars arose, after the flowers have withered and the white heads have blown away in copious flights their wee feathery fruitlets, you will see by and by some big broad angular leaves, very thick and noticeable, rising high into the air from the same buried rootstock in the self-same position. Few leaves are more remarkable,

with their heart-shaped bases and their obtrusive angles; while the under side is thickly covered throughout with a cottony wool, loose, white, and abundant. They are big, because they overtop the other leaves about, and so gain free access to the air and sunshine. They have elbow-room to spread in. Their business (like that of all leaves) is to catch and eat carbonic acid, which the sunlight assimilates for them. For this reason they are green above, with a transparent skin, which skin forms a water-layer for absorbing the gas and conducting it to the living green tissue beneath, where it is duly digested and assimilated. But why the cotton below? Well, the upper and under surfaces of leaves perform in nature quite different functions. The upper side, which is thick and firm, eats carbonic acid and receives the incident sunlight to digest it; but the under side, which is looser and spongier, gives off vapour of water—transpires, as we say—by innumerable little mouths, which are its outward breathing-pores. Now, these pores must not be allowed to get clogged with dew; so in wet meadows and by river-banks, where everything reeks with dew from sunset till late in the succeeding morning, almost all the plants protect the breathing-pores on their under side by such an unwettable felt of thickly matted cotton. Meadow-sweet is a familiar English example, and so is a close relation of our coltsfoot, the butterbur.

OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.

From time to time telegrams flashed from Athens have announced the resumption of the Olympic Games to be held in the Greek capital next year. The latest important news connected with this national festival is that 200,000 drachmas has been raised by the council. It might, perhaps, be expected that in these days of classic revival if the Athens committee of management were indifferent

to modern enthusiasm they would have placed themselves in communication with the managers of University Extension and other bodies, so as to give "a tone" to the proceedings. The five contests of the pentathlon were, as we know, leaping, quoit-throwing, running, wrestling, and javelin-throwing; while at a later period, in order to conciliate the worldlings, horse-racing was added, after foot-racing had been found to be attractive—possibly because it stimulated betting. The official programme, however, which has now been published, altogether disposes of any idea that the "higher education" will have much to do with the arrangement of the Olympic Games. It might have been drawn up by a joint committee of the Ranelagh Club and Lillie Bridge Grounds, for with the exception of the two "events" "Discus-throwing" and "Græco-Roman wrestling," there is nothing in the list which is not to be had at home. Long-jumping, high-jumping, fencing, weight-lifting, flat-racing, and bicycling (!) all figure prominently in the list of sports. To these are added yachting, rowing, swimming, lawn-tennis, and cricket! The programme for "shooting" has not yet been fixed, but presumably some variety of pigeon-shooting is intended; while in the *stadium* trials of riding—to exhibit the skill of the riders, not the quality of the horses—will take place. If the Olympic Games were intended only for home consumption there would be nothing to say to allowing the Greeks to manage them as they thought best, but if the original idea was to revive in some degree the classic contests with which the name of "Olympic Games" is associated it would seem that modern Greek ideas are very "barbarian."



He amused himself with sketching ideal cottages.

ragworts—its very leaf, indeed, being a good deal like some of the larger ragworts in type, especially those handsome exotics of the race so much cultivated in greenhouses under the name of cinerarias. But living in cold northern climates, on the banks of streams, in deep clay soil, where it spreads most vigorously, it has learned by experience to accommodate itself to its environment. It did so, in fact, many thousand years before Mr. Herbert Spencer taught poor recent humanity that latter-day catchword. Growing in thickset places, by running water, where its own large leaves and those of its neighbours would overshadow and hide its dainty blossoms in the height of summer, it has acquired the odd trick of sending them up, naked, on the naked clay, in very early spring, when they court and easily attract the attention of the first spring insects to visit and fertilise them. In order to do this it must lay by material the summer before, and that material the prudent plants bury deep out of harm's way in their creeping underground rootstock. Owing to the dampness and chilliness of the clay, which suits its constitution best, coltsfoot hides its rootstock exceptionally deep in the earth, and this precaution affords it, on the whole, a safe protection alike against cold and against burrowing enemies. As long as the frozen earth remains chilly underneath the buds make no stir, but as soon as the subsoil begins to rise in temperature to a very modest point the flower-heads grow apace from the buried material, exactly as hyacinths do from a bulb when placed in water in a slightly warm atmosphere. And such a raising of temperature in the subsoil is one of the surest signs that winter has spent itself.

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BREAKING UP THE OLD "BENBOW."

Drawn by C. W. Wyllie.



"LA FIANCÉE."

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LITERATURE.

A NEW CONCORDANCE TO SHAKSPEARE.

A New and Complete Concordance to Shakspeare. By John Bartlett, A.M. (Macmillan and Co., London and New York).—On rising from the perusal of this bulky and in every way most substantial work, the reflection which first presents itself to our mind is not so much the well-known remark of the reader of Johnson's Dictionary, "Pleasant reading, though singularly unconnected," but extreme wonder how Shakspeare could have produced so many tragedies and historical plays—history in the days of which he wrote was one long tragedy—and yet make so little use of certain words without which it is difficult to write of great crimes and great punishments.

The word *behead*, for instance, appears but seven times, and there is little more than a column of references to *execute*, *execution*, and *executioner* combined. Even then how frequently what is executed, or not executed, is a purpose or a commission! Hangman occurs twenty-two times, but he is often "the little hangman Cupid." The gallows is named nineteen times, but scarcely ever put to its proper use; the gibbet six, but figuratively. The axe makes nineteen appearances, but it is generally set to a usurping root or a "hard-timbered oak"; there are only two or three occasions on which the references apply to an act which the Yankees describe as "shortening" a man. The halter is named nine times, but only twice in the sense in which it is most dreaded. There are thirteen allusions to strangling, but, except on three occasions, it is either propriety, or errant thoughts, or injudicious vows, or doubtful language that is strangled. Throttled is used once, but the thing that is throttled is a practised accent. Stake occurs a score of times, but generally it is honour which is at stake. There are forty-one mentions of torture in these plays, but the torture is chiefly mental; and, though the rack is named sixteen times, it is only named in a figurative sense.

The dagger and the bowl have been the trusty servants of most of the ancient dramatists. Shakspeare names the dagger fifty times, but his daggers scarcely ever mean business. They are generally either "wooden laths" or "daggers of the mind—a false creation," or "smiles that were as daggers." As for poison, there is a column of references to it; and to drowsy syrups and potions, which may well have been synonymous with poison, thirteen or fourteen more; but as usual, many of these poisons are but brought in as figures of speech. There are two columns of traitors—some to love, but most of them to their country and king. There is one parricide, one bigamy, and a very fair amount of murder, sixteen robbers, two columns of knaves, three columns of villains, and there are eighteen ruffians. There are five vagabonds and one "vagrom." Two reprobates also appear, but "runagates continue in scarcity." "Cherchez la femme!" but we can only find three minxes and two sirens. What are they among so many, even when aided by "the Serpent of Old Nile"? There are other women to whom Shakspeare and "liberal shepherds" give grosser names; and there is a column of jealousy, another of threats, and nineteen assaults.

There are only five scoffs, four menaces, three thwacks, seventeen cases of taunting, and two of extortion. Once the word *revile* is used, and there is one invective. There are eight instances only of rancour, seven of tattling, seven of prying, and four of suborning. There is only one affront, in the sense in which we use the word, but there are three provocations—one, however, is given by a woman's eye.

One scream only is chronicled, nineteen moans, and one shudder; we must, however, own that there are a good many groans. Six supplications are made, and there are fifteen swoons. What are fifteen swoons? Three centuries later, no heroine who respected herself would have failed to swoon in almost every chapter. Shakspeare only cuts his heroine's laces thrice. Hearts throb twice and tremble about eight times, seven times only do people stagger, but a whole column is filled with sighs, and there is a good deal of weeping. To the honour of Shakspeare and his characters be it said that never once do they hiss forth anything in an enemy's ear. Hissing is left to serpents, roasted crabs, and the novels of the present day.

No heroines are so sweet as Shakspeare's. Each has her special charm, and that charm is imperishable. None are like the women of this period—none are revolting, and if they are sometimes a little rebellious, they are sweetly so, and always true to true womanhood. They neither swoon nor flag; the only purely feminine act they practise is blushing. We find a whole column of blushes, "prolixious" and otherwise. These girls have few feminine adjuncts beyond blushes and lutes, gloves and kerchiefs. Scissors are named once and thimbles thrice.

There are few examples of what may be described as Wardour Street mediocrity: such as "grammercy," "perdy," "malapert boy," "aroint thee," "maugré," and "guerdon." "Beseech thee" and "beshrew me" are sparingly used, and so are aves, benedictes, benisons, malisons, and orisons. "The fell Hyrcanian tiger," which rages through the "Seven Champions of Christendom" scarcely obtains a footing in these plays. Only once, too, are anyone's "temples adorned with a coronet," an oversight that has been handsomely repaired in the after-time of fiction.

References to beauty abound, but there is only one to beast, and this reminds us of a long-cherished grievance against Shakspeare—the very slight affection he shows for animals. With him a horse is generally only a thing to bestride in haste, while dog is too often only an opprobrious name. As for the cat, it is "a creature vile,"

a thing "to hang in a bottle to shoot at." The kindest mention of it is to call it "the harmless necessary cat." "Peace with honour" is a cry that often finds utterance: look under "peace" in this most excellent concordance, and you will see who first used the words. Was it Mrs. Malaprop who talked of "lying dormouse"? If she did, she had good authority for doing so, for Shakspeare uses the expression "to awake your dormouse valour" in "Twelfth Night."

LAMAISM.

The Buddhism of Tibet. By L. Austine Waddell, M.B., M.R.A.S., etc. (W. H. Allen and Co., London).—The works previously published on Tibet leave a great deal to be wished for. The account of Huic and Gabet's long and perilous journey to Lhasa forms one of the most delightful books of travel that this century has produced. The experiences of the Lazarist missionaries include a good amount of information, but it is limited, and far from being systematic. Cunningham, on the contrary, was systematic, but he had not much to tell about the Lamas or their various rites. Some later travellers have published books which are wonderful for the dearth of information in them about the country they describe. Surgeon-Major Waddell's book, which has just appeared, is, on the contrary, in itself a mine of knowledge. The author's name is not unknown to students of Indian archaeology, for he has previously communicated some very valuable papers on Tibetan subjects to the Royal Asiatic Society, of which he is a member. In order to qualify himself for the study of Tibetan Buddhism, the author acquired a knowledge



DANCE OF THE DEATH-DEMONS IN THE HEMIS MONASTERY.

From "The Buddhism of Tibet." (W. H. Allen and Co.)

of the language, which is reputed to be a very difficult one. He appears to have lived among the Lamas, and finding that they would not disclose or explain to him what they considered to be mysteries, he purchased a temple, with its fittings, Lamas and all; and thus becoming master of the situation, he accomplished his purpose. By this means he has been able to give us a book which is brimful and even running over with knowledge of the greatest interest in relation to almost every phase of the Lama system. One special feature is the fullness of details regarding the elaborate ritual of Tibetan Buddhism. As a rule, one son in every family becomes a monk, and the result is the existence of a vast number of monasteries in every part of Tibet, the Lamas in them being in many instances counted by "thousands." The Ser-ra monastery, near Lhasa, is said to have 5500 in it, and the monastery at Urgya-Kuren, in the country of the Khalkas, is reputed to contain as many as 14,000. It was not till the seventh century, in the reign of Sron Tsen Gampo, that Buddhism was first introduced into Tibet from India. By that time the peculiar form of that religion known as the Mahayana, or the "Great Vehicle," had been developed. The followers of this sect had introduced new doctrines as well as new personages into the Buddhist mythology, to which had been added an elaborate ritual, all of which was unknown to primitive Buddhism. It was this particular form of Buddhism that was carried into Tibet, where it was combined with the already existing religion of that country. This pre-Buddhist faith was known as the Bön, and was mainly animistic or a form of Shamanism, and its peculiar rites can yet be clearly distinguished from that which belongs to the worship of Buddha. The new faith made but little progress during the first hundred years till the Guru Padma-sambhava, who came to Tibet from the celebrated College of Nalanda, in India; and he, the author considers, was the real founder of Lamaism, for it

flourished and spread rapidly from his time. The doctrine of incarnate Lamas has a still later development: the Dalai Lama being not only a king, but also a divine incarnation, it was assumed that such an extreme form of a theocratic system must have come down from an early period, but it is now clearly established that it only dates from the middle of the seventeenth century. The Grand Lama, who became the first Dalai Lama, was Nag-wan Lö-zan; the present Dalai Lama, whose name is T'ub-bstan, is only the ninth in succession from him. The title by which he is known in Tibet is Gyal-wa Rin-po-ch'e, "The Gem of Majesty." He never dies, he only transmigrates, and appears again as an infant. How that infant is found and raised again to the sacred throne at Lhasa is all told in Surgeon Waddell's pages.

A LONDON LETTER.

To me the attempt to purchase Carlyle's house for multitudes to visit and gaze in is infinitely tragic. I am certain that more than half the people who have sent subscriptions have not fully considered the situation. They have merely felt, as we all feel, that Carlyle was a splendid figure in our midst, that he influenced our lives and that we owe him gratitude. But what a payment—to turn the house where he lived and loved and worked into a peep-show! And after a re-perusal of the "Reminiscences" and "Life in London," the mischief of the whole proceedings is the more apparent. Had these books never been published, it might have been possible to urge that Carlyle's house is exactly on the footing of Shakspeare's house at Stratford, Goethe's house at Weimar, and Dove Cottage—all excellent memorials of great writers. But Carlyle's wild outpourings make the place an impossible shrine of pilgrimage to those who love him most.

Messrs. Hatchards' catalogue devoted to the "neglected books" tempts everyone to express an opinion, and mine is for De Quincey and Lewes's "Goethe." De Quincey in his literary essays and his reminiscences of the Lakes—not in his "Opium Eater" and "Murder as a Fine Art"—is an inspiring writer who will make a young man feel that there is nothing on earth comparable to the love of good books, and in these essays he is sadly neglected to-day. Lewes's "Goethe," again, has not, I think, been reprinted for years, and yet there are only two biographies in our language—Boswell's "Johnson" and Lockhart's "Scott"—which can for one moment be compared with it. A few years ago it was the custom to talk of George Henry Lewes as a charlatan and George Eliot as the prophet and apostle of a new cult. Yet a friend asserted to me the other day that the "Life of Goethe" would outlive all George Eliot's novels! A bold assertion truly, and perhaps extravagant; yet a significant sign of the time as coming from a prominent journalist and a cultivated literary man.

Lockhart's "Scott," again, is a biography that has no real hold, let the few praise ever so highly. Of the book in its original form of eighty-four chapters there is not, I think, a current edition on sale, and yet it is only in this, its earlier form, that it should be read, and there is not a page that a sensible reader will skip.

Dr. William Wright's "Brontës in Ireland" (Hodder and Stoughton) has just reached its third edition. And it contains a new preface, chiefly remarkable for its contradiction of a statement unnecessarily made in the first edition. In the original preface to the book Dr. Wright spoke of the "baseless assertion" that the family was called "Prunty" in Ireland. There was never the slightest doubt about that fact to all who knew the Brontë traditions. And in his new preface Dr. Wright concedes the point. With all its redundancies and dubious assertions, Dr. Wright's book remains the most important contribution to Brontë literature since Mrs. Gaskell's "Life." He has made it clear that it is to their Irish fatherland that the three women, and notably Emily, owed the most salient impressions of their books.

Professor Dowden alone among our leading critics continues to take Southey seriously as a poet, and hence a new volume of "Selections" in the *Golden Treasury Series*. "Who's Southey?" we continue to ask with Emerson, and have to reply that he filled a large place in early Victorian literature, and no place whatever in our own. Wordsworth and Shelley and Landor might bring the weight of their authority to assert that he was a great poet. Our age does not accept the verdict, and we think of Southey only as the writer of a "Life of Nelson," which he prepared at the dictation of a bookseller.

Writing of that question asked by Emerson in "English Tracts," "Who's Southey?" I wonder how many of my readers have seen Landor's reply. It is contained in a privately printed pamphlet now very scarce—an open letter by Landor to Emerson. "I am sorry to have 'pestered you with Southey,'" Landor writes, "and to have excited the inquiry, 'Who is Southey?'" I will answer the question. Southey is the poet who has written the most imaginative poem of any in our time, English or Continental; such is "The Curse of Kehama." Southey is the proseman who has written the finest prose; Southey is the critic the most cordial and the least invidious. Show me another of any note, without captiousness, without arrogance, and without malignity.

Slow rises worth by poverty deprest;
but Southey raised it." C. K. S.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"A blue-stocking is to me like an asparagus: when I have done with her head I have done with everything." Thus wrote Heine, something like sixty years ago, and although the male Teuton of the present day is not quite so severe in his disapproval of the *Blaustrumpf*, *Freigeist*, *Pietistinn*, or *emanzipirtes Frauenzimmer*, he certainly prefers to her—for a permanent partnership—the *Hausfrau* who, like Werther's Charlotte, "goes on cutting bread and butter, like a well-conducted person, while her lover's body is borne before her on a shutter."

As it happens, however, Charlotte is fast becoming conscious that "cutting bread and butter," whether the lover lie dead on a shutter or prostrate with beer in the gutter, is not the main or the highest object of a woman's life, and she unmistakably expressed her opinion to that effect last week in the *Vossische Zeitung*, in connection with the new law against the Socialists, at present before the Reichstag, and one clause of which forbids the discussion of marriage from a subversive point of view. The protest signed by over two hundred women, whose

life, and of marrying an opera singer. If my memory does not play me false, her name was Carlotta Grossi. The father sat absolutely thunderstruck; not so the mother. In spite of the lateness of the hour, she simply put on her bonnet and cloak, and five minutes later she was seated by the side of her father-in-law, who had already retired to bed, and told him everything.

Next morning Prince Wilhelm was shown an album containing a dozen portraits of German Princesses, and given half-an-hour to make choice of a wife. It is said that he refused, and told his mother that she could choose for him. The Crown Princess took her son at his word, with what result all the world knows: she chose a sensible, domesticated German Princess, one who was not likely to protest much against the young Prince's somewhat autocratic disposition, who has made him an excellent wife, through whom Germany is perfectly secure with regard to the succession. The Empress of Germany is perhaps not an ideal woman, but she was chosen by a woman who had never known the galling yoke of matrimony as it is understood by Germans in general. For that alone, the German Emperor should not curtail discussion of the

was performed at Nuremberg and Augsburg in 1414. Until then I was under the impression that influenza was a modern epidemic. The Nurembergers and Augsburgers seem to have made lighter of it than we do. Perhaps it was the play that bore them up in their misfortunes. But I will not give the plot, lest some enterprising manager increase our sufferings.

FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA.

The fruit-fields of the world have been wonderfully increased in the last quarter of a century, and the eating of fruit has, consequently, become much more general. The banana, to take one instance, was quite unknown except as a rare delicacy not many years ago; now it is the popular feature of most fruit-barrows and the ordinary commodity of every fruiterer. California has given us an enormous supply of fruit, which by recent improvements is able to reach Europe in good, wholesome condition. Our Illustration shows the process of drying prunes. Wide strips of linen are laid on the ground, and on them are placed the newly picked fruit. The hot sun accomplishes the drying in a short while, and



FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA: DRYING PRUNES.

names are for the greater part household words throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland, has caused an intense sensation, and I have a notion that Emperor Wilhelm has raised a hornets' nest about his ears. Candidly speaking, one cannot but say, "Serves him right!" With such a mother and two such grandmothers as his, he ought to have considered twice before hampering women in their crusade against the domestic tyranny of the German autocrat by courtesy called "a husband." We will leave Queen Victoria out of the debate, inasmuch as her influence over her grandson was never directly exercised until he had reached a man's estate, but we are not prepared to be equally reticent with regard to his mother's and paternal grandmother's influence. But for these two true and good women, Emperor Wilhelm might not be alive to-day; his fate might have been that of Rudolph of Hapsburg: in other words, he might have become the victim of some abominable intrigue, which, if it had not ended in midnight assassination, would have left him unfit to complete the noble task bequeathed to him by his grandfather and father.

For there was a time when the young Prince was very near falling into the trap laid for him by an adventuress; there was a time when he bounded into his father's room and announced his intention of foregoing his prospective inheritance—the imperial crown—of retiring into private

marriage tie on the part of the enlightened women in his empire.

The new law against the Socialists is endeavouring to kill many flies with one blow. It is tilting against the new drama as represented by Gerard Hauptmann, Strindberg, and the rest. Here, again, I fancy that Emperor Wilhelm is making a mistake, but I am not quite so certain. Personally, I beg to doubt whether Hauptmann, Strindberg, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, and all those ideologists, as the First Napoleon would have called them, can influence the march of democracy by as much as the tenth part of an inch. They send me to sleep; but then the German drama, with the exception of that of Goethe, Schiller, and Immermann, and a few of the lighter writers of the present day, has a narcotic effect on me. Kalisch and Mosenthal, L'Arronge, Von Benedict, and two or three of the same tendencies I know. Mosenthal I looked upon as a kind of Victor Ducange minus the stagecraft, a kind of d'Ennery without the architectonic abilities. How far Benedict is inferior to Robertson only those who have seen "Caste" and "School" in the originals and in the English versions will be able to determine. L'Arronge and his colleagues are fifth-rate Labiches, if that. And yet the Germans seem to enjoy their work. But then the Germans have, to say the least, curious tastes in the matter of dramatic fare. I have come this week upon an account of "An Influenza Play" which

then the prunes are carefully packed for travelling, and are transported from the fields to be relished in all parts of the world. From recent statistics it appears that California produces at least 26,000,000 lb. of raisins annually. There are more than 200,000 acres in California under vines, and these yield nearly 15,000,000 gallons of wine.

A good story is told of a certain M.P.'s ignorance of Biblical phrases. In a speech during the debate on the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, the speaker made use of the Scriptural quotation as to making "the desert blossom as the rose." A member sitting near him whispered to his neighbour, "What desert does he mean, and why should it blossom as a rose?"

Hats play an important part on the stage of the House of Commons. A member can do much with his hat. He can start the ball of a critical debate rolling by merely raising his hat, or can gracefully accept a compliment from the "other side" by the same act. He has hitherto secured his seat by leaving his hat on the green benches, but Mr. Cremer has recently pleaded that, for the avoidance of colds, a card should be substituted for the headgear—that is, for this special purpose. Of course, there have always been wicked members who played the "hat trick" by keeping one for lobby use and the other for the House; now there will be no need for this playful duplication.



GOING.



RETURNING.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Alfred East's collection of nearly one hundred landscapes, now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, is a very adequate expression of that artist's claim to public recognition. Mr. East has studied atmosphere in England, in Holland, and in Japan—the three countries where it presents the most shifting conditions and produces the most picturesque effects. In France, Italy, and in America the air is too dry to allow the painter to be absolutely truthful—except, perhaps, when he seizes upon casual effects as Corot won transient results at Monet. In the present exhibition Mr. East has limited himself to his own country; but he has tried its resources pretty thoroughly, from Cornwall to Lancaster, and from the mouth of the Severn to the Norfolk Broads. In his attempts to render changing light he is, in our opinion, more frequently successful than when endeavouring to fix a more or less strong permanent effect. For instance, such pictures as "Clearing After a Storm" (74) and "Flickering Sunlight" (91), seem to allow more sympathetic treatment than the broad effect of "Moonlight" (87), which Mr. Whistler would have treated very differently, or the "High Sky in June" (32), which wants warmth as the true complement to its colour. Now and then Mr. East is satisfied with conventional ways, as in "The Dying Day" (42), "Approaching Night" (9), and a few others; but, as a rule, he is distinctly individual, and seldom satisfied with anything lower than a high level of excellence. "Spring Ploughing" (6), although a trifle too chromatic, "A Silvery Stream" (10), "Early Moonlight" (17), with its cleverly suggested colour, and a "Lock on the River Nene" (57) are among the most attractive, though they are not the most ambitious works. "The End of a Harvest Day" (53) may be a correct "note," but it looks forced, and, as a rule, Mr. East is at his best when he is graduating his tones, and catches the mysterious hour when the landscape fades—"the moon is up, and yet it is not night."

Although there is a certain formalism about Mr. Gifford Dyer's pastel work, now on view at the Fine Art Society, it is impossible not to recognise the mastery he has obtained over this delicate medium. His touch is delicate and his range of colour very wide; in fact, if it were possible to exaggerate the innumerable effects of sky and water, church and palace revealed to the student as he lingers through the canals of Venice, we should say that Mr. Dyer had done so. But a closer study of his work shows that not only is he in details truthful and exact, but that his real force and imaginative power have fuller play in his sunrise and sunset drawings, when, of necessity, the brighter tones are more harmonised. It is on works such as "A Pale May Mist," "A Spring Morning," "In Mauve and Grey," and "An October Evening" that Mr. Dyer will rely especially for making his name known, although we must admit that since Mr. Whistler's exhibition of pastels (which belonged to a totally different school) there have been seldom more

effective renderings of the spots of interest in that most enchanting city of the Adriatic.

The annual report of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, just issued, shows very clearly how seriously the "hard times" of the last few years have been pressing upon a profession which lives on the superfluities of others. The income of last year, which was under £3500, was called upon to meet claims exceeding £4200, and to do so inroads had to be made on the not very large invested capital of the charity. "Want of commissions" and "Inability to sell" are the constantly recurring reasons

the historic building in Newgate Street known as "Christ's Hospital," or "The Blue Coat School," an effort should be made to preserve it, and to adapt it to the uses of a National Water-Colour Gallery. The proposal in itself seems at once to dispose of the vexed question whether water-colours can be permanently exposed to natural or artificial light without suffering injury. If this point has now been settled in the interests of the picture-collector, there is no reason that some such gallery should not be established. The roll-call of British water-colour artists is long and imposing, and for many years they occupied a position of unchallenged supremacy. It might, however,

be as well to remember that already we possess at the South Kensington Museum an historical collection of water-colour drawings which leaves little to be desired in the way of completeness. A couple of specimens of the work done by each of the great water-colour painters, chronologically arranged, is more instructive and more interesting than a collection of works arranged in a more or less haphazard fashion, and containing an undue proportion of "pot-boilers."

A BIT OF OLD LONDON.

It is well that Mr. Herbert Railton has preserved for us, in the accompanying sketch, a part of London which has been recently "improved" out of existence. Proceeding from the bustling Strand, halfway up Chancery Lane, on the left-hand side, one arrives at Chichester Rents, a little alley leading from the main thoroughfare. Here, until a short while ago, stood the old and picturesque hostelry, The Three Tuns, a relic of former days when a man found his "warmest welcome at an inn." The house has been demolished, and in its place is being erected a modern establishment, doubtless more in keeping with the spirit of the age, but far less delightful to the eye. It does not require a very vivid imagination to picture Chichester Rents in the old days, with its dusty offices of law stationers, an alley in which poor Miss Flite might have lived in peaceful obscurity with her birds. The artist who, like Mr. Railton, loves to per-

petuate on paper what disappears in bricks and mortar, will regret the old inn yclept The Three Tuns, even though in its place he sees a lofty structure gleaming, till London soot forbids, with white tiles.

The selection of Parliamentary candidates, in view of the next General Election, goes on apace. At Newcastle the Liberals have decided to invite Mr. James Craig, formerly M.P., with Mr. John Morley, to come forward again. The Liberals of the Rugby division will have Mr. Corrie Grant as their champion. He is an able young barrister, who opposed the late Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain. Sir Bevan Edwards will be the Conservative candidate for Hythe. There is a chance of a settlement shortly of the dispute in the Kingston division of Surrey, where two Conservatives are before the electors.



A BIT OF OLD LONDON, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.

for which relief has been awarded, and those who know on what careful inquiry grants are made will guess from the cases relieved how many more had to be passed over. In the past year 221 applicants received sums varying from £10 to £100, but the last-mentioned sum was given in one case only to an animal-painter who had, through no fault of his own, lost all the savings of his lifetime. It may be well to mention that those who would wish to benefit the charity, and at the same time enrich themselves, can obtain artist's proofs of either Turner's "Opening of the Vintage at Macon," etched by J. Oldham Barlow, or his "Calais Pier," etched by Lupton; or Professor Herkomer's etching, "May," which are to be seen at the Arundel Society's Rooms, St. James's Street.

A suggestion has been put forward in the pages of a contemporary that before handing over to the destroyers

MR. PATER'S "GREEK STUDIES."

BY ANDREW LANG.

I am conscious of not being the right critic of Mr. Pater's "Greek Studies" (Macmillan), for the critic should be more sympathetic. In a review of Mr. Symonds's "Life," Mr. Symonds is said to have compared Mr. Pater's style to a civet cat. I am not familiar with that sort of cat, but, clearly, no compliment was intended. On myself, in this posthumous work, Mr. Pater's manner has a very

to contemplate mythology. For Mr. Pater (if he was acquainted with the facts) such questions appear to have had no interest. Again, speaking of Mycenaean art, he seems to deny an Egyptian influence (p. 224): "The theory which derived Greek art, with many other Greek things, from Egypt, now hardly finds supporters." The theory was sadly overworked. But there, in the Mycenaean graves, are the daggers, of which the spirit is Achæan (or early Greek), while the technique is of the age of Aah Hotep, a process of inserting divers-coloured golds into

barbarism and beauty, so lovely, happy, wise, lustful, dirty, and cruel. Could we live a day in Athens, we should be delighted and horrified, and at night, the insects! Think of the narrow, muddy street, with the wild swine charging down it, trampling on the wayfarers! Such facts do not enter into Mr. Pater's view of Hellas. Conceive a morning call in Greece, as in that dialogue of Herondas, which horrifies M. Jules Lemaitre. Not in Greece are we, with Mr. Pater, but in a Hellas of dreams, going delicately, as one of their own poets says, in delicate air. His work needs human beings, human interest, of which we have a little in his essay, or romance, "The Veiled Hippolytus." But, taking the dream as a dream, no one has seen and told it more excellently than the accomplished-writer, and, as Mr. Shadwell truly says, the laborious and conscientious scholar, whose most valuable work here, probably, is in the later essays on the more accomplished Greek sculptors. Nothing is more common or more stupid in criticism than to blame an author for not being something else than he is, and for not doing what he never intended to do. Mr. Pater did not set out to write comparative mythology, or, perhaps, to paint Greece and the Greeks as they were. And so, here am I blaming his work for the absence of elements which it was not meant to include. But that comes of my having taken up Greece, as Epictetus says, "by another handle," and such are the ways even of the least special specialist.



MARRIAGE OF THE BISHOP OF COVENTRY AND MISS ETHEL NEWTON.

different effect. I seem to be in a gallery almost hieratic in its stately repose, rather chill, full of good things, but not very interesting, somehow. The words "fine," "dainty," "delicate," "strange," "subtle," eternally repeated, become as dull as modern copies of Greek decorative designs. They are good words, but staled by constant use. One has a feeling that they could be stuck on anywhere, and that it would be agreeable to take some of them away. One compares a vocabulary like Mr. Stevenson's, with its constant surprises, usually delightful, and only surprising by their unexpected aptness.

So much for style; on my head be it! As to matter, having given a good deal of time to Greek mythology, religion, and early art, I may have become pedantic. I want facts and authorities, though, to be sure, I know most of the authorities. Again, I really do not think that the Greeks (or any other people) were like Mr. Pater's Greeks. What he squeezes out of their religion and art, they did not—at least, did not consciously—pour into these vessels. The book is full of pretty and even poetic ideas which the relics of Greece suggested to Mr. Pater. The inner sense of Dionysus, as the spirit of the vine, in flower and fall, the inner sense of Demeter, are finely expressed; but only a very rare Greek here and there would have thought about them as Mr. Pater thinks. Then, being a kind of "specialist" (*mea culpa*), I cannot but see how much he omits, and how important it is.

There is no smell of roast pork about his "Mystæ," yet, from Aristophanes, we know that it was there. He omits the figurines of pigs in the precinct of the Cnidian Demeter; he does not tell us the odd fact that each initiated person took a swim in the sea with his pig at Eleusis. We get a prettified picture of Greek faith and custom from Mr. Pater. The comparative method he abjures. The Goddess of Theocritus at the Harvest Home is our Kirmababy, is familiar to ancient Peruvians; and this makes Greeks and other peoples much akin. The peculiarity of Greece is only beauty, the inexplicable, unparalleled genius for plastic and poetic art. Ceno and the other girls who turn out wine and corn and oil are in all the fairy tales of the world. Greece merely made them classical. Every farm had its chapel of Demeter, a tool-house; but in the Cnidian tool-house was the statue of the Greek Mater Dolorosa, now in our Museum. To me it is a highly interesting and curious fact that the Pawnees have the Attic rite of the Bouphonia, in essentials. They have also their Eleusinian mysteries. Father de Smet chronicles the-accompanying and explanatory sacred story of Manabozho and Chibiabos. Taking a young brother in place of a daughter, this is exactly the Eleusinian tale of Demeter and Persephone. Instead of dressing in the darkest blue, like Demeter, Manabozho blackens his face. He laments, like Demeter, for six years. The Muses do not sing and dance before him, but the Manitous do. He is consoled, the Mysteries are established. Chibiabos, like Persephone, is brought back from the dead. He, like her, now presides over the Land of Souls.

Is this the result of transmission, or of coincident fancy? Such questions get the better of me, when I am brought

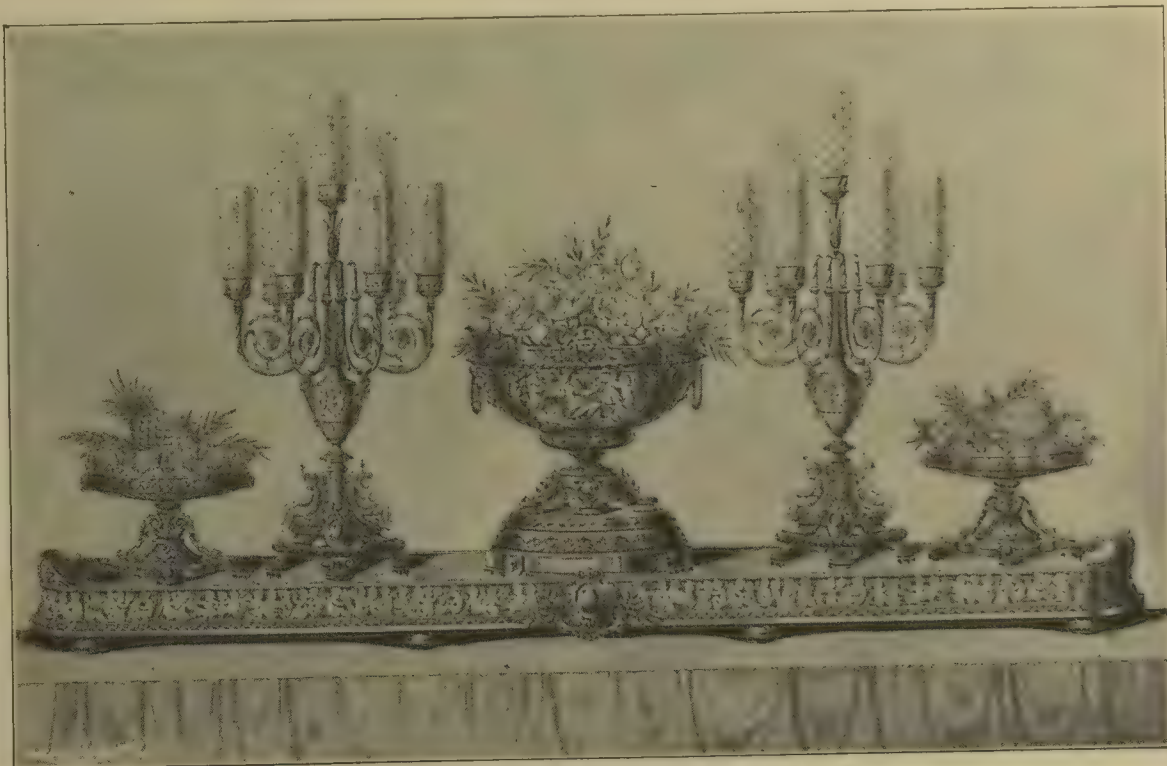
bronze; and, in at least one case, the landscape is Egyptian, with a view of papyrus reeds. To these facts I do not observe that Mr. Pater makes any allusion. Now, all this may be brutally pedantic on my part, but in archæology and mythology one does like facts. The real, and impossible, problem is to discover how and why Greece, working on the same savage fancies as the rest of the world, "turned all to favour and to prettiness." In that "favour" Mr. Pater is perfectly at home, and in the similar "favour" of the French and Italian Renaissance. From the works of France and Italy, in the Middle Ages and in the fifteenth century, he draws many pleasant and beautiful illustrations. Art, in fact, is his province, not this kind of science. His knowledge of art is manifold, and is informed by an exquisite sense and taste. But his intellect lived in an air infinitely refined, and peopled by the grave and beautiful

THE BISHOP OF COVENTRY'S MARRIAGE.

The wedding of a bishop is not so ordinary an occasion that it can pass without notice. Most members of the Episcopal Bench marry long before they reach such high dignity, and their weddings have, for the most part, taken place in some village church where those to whom they minister have been the kindly spectators. The Bishop of Coventry, the Right Rev. Edmund Arbutnot Knox, was married on Feb. 21 to Miss Ethel Newton, daughter of the Rev. Canon Newton, Vicar of Redditch. The ceremony was held in the parish church of Redditch, and was performed by the Bishop of Worcester, assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon Walters. Needless to say, there was a most cordial welcome for the bride and bridegroom, whose portraits we give herewith. The bride has been a diligent worker in the important parish over which her popular father presides, and seems in every way fitted for the responsible position of a bishop's wife. The bridegroom was not long ago called to succeed Dr. Bowlby, who died last year, as Bishop of Coventry. He was formerly Vicar of Aston, where he accomplished much excellent work, and showed his high qualifications for the post of Bishop Suffragan in the see of Worcester, which he now occupies. Dr. Knox has been recently preferred to the rectory of St. Philip's, Birmingham, and the Rev. Henry Sutton has succeeded him as Vicar of Aston.

A MAHARAJAH'S DESSERT SERVICE.

The Maharajah of Kuch Behar, who was present at the Queen's Jubilee service, has immense wealth. For instance,



DESSERT SERVICE FOR THE MAHARAJAH OF KUCH BEHAR.

Spartans of his essay on Lacedæmon. The ruffianly element in these Spartans he winks at, so that he gives us a life as ideal as that lived in the "Hypnerotomachia" of Poliphile. It is magnificent, but it is not history. It is as one-sided as Mr. Barlow's Spartan existence in "Sandford and Merton." These coarse remarks would not have been penned had Mr. Pater been here to read them. They amount to no more than this—that he was an idealist, no less, or rather more, than Plato. He does not show us (nobody does!) workaday Greece, that medley of

a dessert service, of eighteen pieces in solid silver, is in process of manufacture for him by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of Birmingham, which will cost more than £3000. The Maharajah has commissioned this fine work to commemorate several races he has won. His Highness has been very generous in his appreciation of English art on other occasions. He is thirty-three years of age, and succeeded his father in 1863. The State over which he rules contains 1300 square miles, and the population is over 600,000.



1. Birket el-Qerun. 2. Waterfall at Tamich. 3. Intake of the Bahr Jusuf. 4. Ancient Temple in the Desert. 5. Mill in the Bats. 6. The Bahr Jusuf, or River of Joseph. 7. Waterwheel and Aqueduct.

THE RIVER OF JOSEPH AND THE FAYOUM.

From Photographs by Mr. Cope Whitehouse.



LONDON AFTER DARK: BROMPTON ROAD.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the most hotly discussed points in connection with that dual phase of the earth's history with which physics and astronomy together concern themselves, presents itself in the shape of the question, "How old is our world?" The physicists, on the one hand, have tended to limit its age to a degree which the geologists regard as hopeless, from the standpoint which they naturally assume—that of demanding time sufficient for the carrying out of the great cosmical operations, the results of which it is the business of geology to study. This age-question, indeed, has been a truly grievous one. In the earliest days of geology it proved a stumbling-block and a rock of offence to those worthy souls who were fond of nailing everything with Scripture, and who, following the worthy Blair in his "Chronology," set down the creation of Adam and Eve as having occurred at 3 p.m. on Friday, October 31, 4004 B.C. Some people are nothing if they are not exact to the minute; and so, long ago, folks believed that this great orb, with all its cosmical changes and chances, was but a juvenile planet some four thousand years old. We have, happily, outgrown this puerile belief. Save in remote districts (not limited, I may add, to the Highlands and islands of Scotland), everybody is content to take for granted that this world is inconceivably old. Not so old as Mars, it may be, and somewhat further on than Venus, perchance; but still, as human calculations go, a very very ancient orb indeed.

As is usual with scientific "turn-ups," we settle down quite easily to them after a time. No doubt it was a shock to many worthy persons to be told that the earth went round the sun, but we all believe that implicitly to-day. It was a revelation passing belief in 1858 or so, that animals and plants, in place of being separately created, might have been evolved by variation out of pre-existing species; yet I fancy the thought disturbs nobody save a few fossilised minds to-day. There is, after all, a wondrous power of mental adjustment to new ideas which at first are regarded as of the most heterodox kind. We settle down to them calmly after the first bickerings are over and done with, and "nobody seems a bit the worse." The cherished ideas of duty, morality, and so forth still hold their own. We have not been plunged into that outer darkness which the elect are so fond of predicting for us when some big discovery or other shakes the foundations of long-cherished beliefs. The human mind has an irresistible tendency to close with the truth, as Tyndall put it; and so the age-of-the-world question has been left for scientists themselves to fight over. In place of the theological and scientific bickerings of bygone days, the battle-field is one between one branch of scientific inquiry and another.

Sir Archibald Geikie, the Director of the Geological Survey, has been summing up this matter for us in his usual lucid fashion. He refers to the opinions of Lord Kelvin, who thirty years gone by assured us that there must be an ascertainable limit to the antiquity of the earth. He then fixed that limit at not less than 20,000,000 or more than 400,000,000 of years. Between 20,000,000 and 400,000,000 there is a nice wide margin, it is true, but later on Lord Kelvin held that 100,000,000 of years was nearer the mark in respect of the world's age, and still more recently he descended to the minimum limit of 20,000,000. This estimate was arrived at from considerations connected with the age of the sun and tidal retardation. Now, every geologist regards physical researches and conclusions with respect. He cannot avoid contact with the work of the physicist, even were he disposed to ignore the conclusions drawn by the latter. But none the less was his lot anything but a happy one. He knew, on the one hand, that he demanded large measures of time for the accomplishment of what he saw had been done in the way of earth-sculpture. On the other hand, he was confronted with a stern opponent who, holding the balance of time past in his hand, refused not only to dole out sufficient for geological needs, but remorselessly cut down and pared the decreasing allowance.

There is a prospect of better things, however, before the geologist. Suffering literally from "hard times" in this matter, and finding it impossible, cosmically, to make ends meet, he regards with delight the prospect of an advance from the physical side. Professor Perry has taken in hand the task of constructing a *modus vivendi*. Taking his stand on the basis that the earth is not a homogeneous mass, as Lord Kelvin postulated, but exhibits a higher conductivity and heat-capacity in its interior than on the crust, Professor Perry admits that the age of our planet may be really much greater than his physicist brethren formerly allowed. What may happen, as Sir A. Geikie tells us, is that the geologists may be allowed a draft on the bank of time equal at least to the 100,000,000 of years they demand, or possibly to a more liberal extent still. Be that as it may, it is to be hoped some common basis of agreement will be arrived at. If a humble person like myself might be allowed a suggestion at all in this cosmical controversy, I might recommend the physicists to be quite certain about their own data first of all. Until they are all quite agreed as to the internal constitution of Mother Earth, it seems a little premature to draw conclusions as to the exact age of that venerable personage.

I observe a note in a scientific periodical that there are hopes of the addition of a new species of giraffe to the existing list, including one solitary species only—that once familiar to us in our Zoological Gardens. In Somaliland, it is said, Major Wood killed a specimen whose body-colour was a bright chestnut mottled with very fine lines of a creamy-white colour; others with like markings, it is said, were seen by Major Wood. The interesting question of a new species, or that of only a variety, or possibly a young form of the known species, will doubtless fall to be discussed. With the giraffe representing the *rara avis* of zoological collections at present, I fear the settlement of these points may be a distant event. Still, skins, I presume, may be sent home, and these are valuable for purposes of identification. I hear, by the way, that the new giraffe is now at the Zoo.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

PROFESSOR JOSHI (Indore).—Your praise of No. 2647 is well deserved. As regards your own contribution, it embodies a fair idea, but wants much more elaboration and subtlety in construction.

R. H. BROOKS.—The plebiscite you speak of was taken whenever we published a four-mover. The replies went down fifty and remonstrances increased one hundred per cent.

R. L. WILSON (University College).—Will you be good enough to submit your problem on a diagram, however rough? We find it necessary to take this precaution with all contributions.

F. J. (Franklin Institute).—The reason your solution will not do is that, after White's second move of K to B 3rd the B P at K 7th becomes a Kt, giving check, etc.

DR. F. ST. (Camberwell).—We are very glad to hear from you again, and your contribution is very acceptable.

W. VOLLER AND OTHERS.—Problem No. 2653 does not admit of a solution by Kt to K 6th (ch).

A. CROSS (Charterhouse).—Diagram received, and shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2648 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore); of Nos. 2649 to 2651 from Professor B. V. Joshi (Indore); of No. 2652 from Joseph Stephenson (Philadelphia); of No. 2653 from H. S. Brandreth; of No. 2654 from J. Whittingham, Charles H. C. Harrison (Thirsk), and J. S. Martin (Kidderminster); of No. 2655 from Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Byrnes (Torquay); J. G. Thurstield (Wendesbury), J. Whittingham, Matfield, Portesque Hind (Leicester), E. G. Boys, Borden School, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), H. H. (Peterborough), W. David (Cardiff), J. Bailey (Newark), and W. E. Thompson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2656 received from E. E. H. C. B. Penny, E. Loudon, J. S. Martin, Rev. J. E. Reid-Cuddon, W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), F. G. Boys, F. W. C. (Edgbaston), W. David (Cardiff), B. Worters (Canterbury), Meursius (Brussels), J. F. Moon, Herbert Prodhon (Pickering), Claude Timocous (Woburn), J. Dixon, T. Roberts, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Charles Burnett, H. F. Evans, E. B. Foord, M. Burke, Alpha, W. R. Baillem, G. Douglas Angus, Shadforth, J. C. Ireland, R. H. Brooks, G. T. Hughes (Athy), F. A. Carter (Maldon), F. J. Caudy, M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), W. R. B. (Clifton), L. Desanges, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Borden School, C. M. A. B. J. S. W. (Exeter), E. J. F. B. (Clifton), Sorrento, Oliver Ingela, C. E. Perugini, W. H. S. (Peterborough), A. M. Kelly (New College, Oxford), J. I. I. (Erampton), Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Byrnes (Torquay), Dr. F. St., and J. G. Thurstield.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2655.—By C. PLANCK.

WHITE.

1. B to R 8th. K takes R.

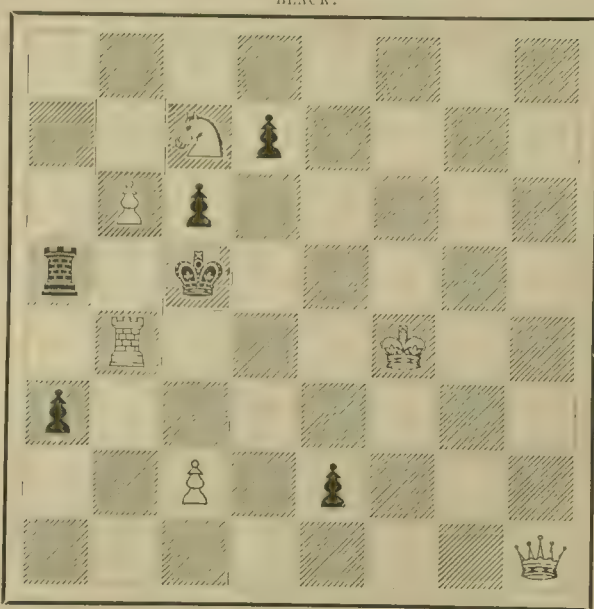
2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch). K moves.

3. Q mates accordingly.

IF Black play 1. B takes R; 2. Kt to Kt 2nd (ch), K takes P; 3. Q to K 7th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2653.

By THE REV. W. E. THOMPSON.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LIVERPOOL.

Game played during Mr. LASKER's simultaneous performance at Liverpool, his opponent being Mr. SWIFT.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. Kt to R 4th	Q to R 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	17. P to B 4th	B to K 2nd
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	18. Kt to B 3rd	P to R 5th
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	19. Kt to K 5th	P to R 6th
5. P to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
6. B to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd		
Before developing Queen's side it is better to play B to K 2nd and Castle.			
7. R to B sq	R to B sq	20. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q Kt 5th
8. Q to R 4th	Q to Q 2nd	21. P to R 3rd	Kt to B 7th
9. P takes P	P takes P	22. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B sq
10. B to Kt 5th	P to R 3rd	23. Q R to B sq	P to B 4th
11. B takes P	B takes B	24. Q to R 6th	R to K sq
If instead of this capture Black had here played R to R sq, we see no good continuation for White, unless it was intended to give the Queen for two pieces.		25. Q takes P	P takes P
12. Q takes B	Kt to Q Kt 5th	26. P takes P	Kt to K 5th
13. Q to K 2nd	Q to B 4th	27. Kt takes Q P	Resigns
14. Castles	Kt to Q 6th		
15. R to Kt sq	P to R 4th		
A good move, making way for the Queen also in view of Kt to R 4th.			

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. STERNBERG and ROCAMORA.

(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. K to R 2nd	Kt to Kt 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Q to Q sq	Kt (at Kt 4th) to K 3rd
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
4. P to Q 3rd	B to B 4th	17. B to R 4th (ch)	P to Q B 3rd
5. B to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	18. B takes P	Q to Kt 4th
6. P to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th	19. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to R 3rd
7. Castles			
Castling should be delayed for a time. It is always dangerous when the Kt on the Castling side is pinned, and the opponent can bring other pieces to bear on the King's position quickly.			
8. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd	20. P to R 4th	P to Kt 4th
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Q sq	21. B to B 2nd	P takes P
10. Kt to B 4th	Kt to K 3rd	22. P takes Kt	Q takes P (ch)
11. Kt takes B	R takes Kt	23. K to R sq	P to Q B 4th
12. B to B 2nd	Kt to R 4th	24. P to R 4th	Kt to Kt 4th
13. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	25. P to B 3rd	K R to Kt sq
14. Q takes B	Kt (at R 4th) to B 5th	26. P to Kt 4th	
It was a choice of evils, but one Kt should have been taken. Now both appear with tremendous force.			
Play in the preliminary sections of the Metropolitan Chess Club's Tournament has been brought to a conclusion. The winners, who will meet in a final section, are: Messrs. C. W. Bowles, Class 1A; L. Stiebel, 1B; E. Saunders, 2A; W. Crawley, 2B; E. J. E. Van Andel, 3A; G. E. Parsons, 3B; and J. T. Dickinson, 4.			

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Sable is the fur of the hour, appearing in great quantity on the Court gowns at the second Drawing-Room, more even than at the first one, perhaps owing to the fact that at the first her Majesty herself had her black brocade train deeply flounced with this beautiful, thick, and rich-coloured brown fur. A handsome dress at the function on March 4 was of dark-blue velvet as regarded the train, with a lining of shot blue and yellow, and trimming of sable, with here and there choux of yellow and blue ribbon; petticoat and bodice were of an exquisite brocade of gold on a pale-blue ground, and there was a trimming of lace as a vest down the bodice, while two sable-tails came over the shoulders, epaulette fashion, above the sleeve puffs, and the front ends thereof fell loose at either side of the bust. Another fine gown had a train of violet satin, lined with white satin, over a white satin petticoat, embroidered all over with silver sequins; the handsome train was edged with sable, which in this case also formed epaulettes or shoulder-straps, the full sleeves beneath being almost covered at the top by diamond sprays, used to catch their folds together, and the vest of lace being thickly studded to the waist with diamonds. Yet another gown in which fur was used was a train of black velvet, lined with white satin and flounced with wide sable; this was over a petticoat of black brocade, with the pattern outlined with a delicate tracery of jet, and edged with narrow sable. A petunia velvet train had two narrow bands of sable round it, the space between the two rows of fur filled in with a lace flounce artistically draped; the bodice and skirt were of petunia satin embroidered with steel beads. The last I will quote was a white satin dress edged with sable and having huge puffed sleeves of a brown and gold shot satin, with sable-tails across the shoulder and hanging down in front; the train was of brown velvet lined with shot satin like the sleeves, and edged with sable.

A petticoat of white crêpe de Chine, embroidered with glittering "jewels" in many colours and sizes and gold thread, was the making of a Court dress, of which the rest was a simple white brocade with a pale shot silk lining to the train, and white ostrich-plumes for its trimming. A train of black satin of the most lustrous description, hung from a bow shaped like a gigantic poppy in red velvet placed between the shoulders, and worn over a dress of poppy red satin embroidered with jet paillettes, was very striking. A mirror satin petticoat embroidered with gold beads went with a beautiful train of grey and yellow brocade, lined with yellow and trimmed with clusters of trumpet daffodils. An entirely blue gown was a vision, reminding one of the skies of Italy. There was a train of sky-blue brocade, the ground corded silk, and the flowers satin, both in the one tint but toning differently, over a dress of paler blue satin, draped with a fine lace flounce from waist to hem at one side as well as along the bottom, caught on with bows of blue chiffon. A superb white satin dress had the seams of the skirt, which being very wide had many seams in view, overlaid with bands of gorgeous jewelled passementerie; the front of the bodice was composed of the same glittering embroidery, while the sleeves and the train were of a lime-green and pink brocade, the lace on the train at each side fixed with lilies-of-the-valley. A most effective gown had an oyster-shell satin skirt and petticoat, almost covered with old Brussels point, fixed on with bows of brocaded ribbon shot in the palest opalescent tones; train of pink velvet lined with opal shot silk, and trimmed with pink roses and ribbon ties. A gown all white, which looks as distinguished as anything, provided it be smartly constructed, does not describe well. But there was one white dress so uncommon that it must be mentioned. It was all of white satin, the corsage having the look of a blouse, adorned in the front with a loose piece of pearl passementerie on net that slightly overhung at the waist, a belt of pearl-embroidered white satin being placed there. A cluster of marguerites, their gold-tinted hearts alone breaking the monotony of tone, were fastened at the left shoulder with long streamers of white satin ribbon falling thence to the feet. The train, put on the shoulders in a Watteau pleat, had pearl embroidery on it, with bows of satin ribbon, and being of white satin, was lined with white faille.

Many of my readers will be glad to know thus early that the long popular and most sensible and desirable loose coat and skirt are still to be worn. The leading ladies' tailors' new models show that this is still the favourite fashion for the useful and workmanlike walking-dresses that such houses turn out. The sleeves are being made very full above the elbow, but set in pleats at the shoulder so as to droop well, and many are being cut with no fullness inside the arm, which has a shaped seam, all the width being given on the outer part of the arm much more conveniently than all round, with but little difference in effect. In length, the spring open-fronted coats are about midway between the waist and knee. Blouses, too, are to be in continued popularity, but not quite as close fitting to the wearer's shape in front as they were last season. The "feeling," as the modistes will call the whim of fashion, is for overhanging at the front in all smart, light material bodices, and very often at the sides too—a saggy arrangement—just not low enough to hide the waist-belt and waist line—and thus will be made the new silk blouses. The backs are made fitting, however, on a shaped lining, not to thicken the figure. There is no doubt that lace will be used in the coming season even more profusely than last summer. Immense quantities are stocked ready for the first lighter spring dresses. The best old patterns in Brussels, Venetian, and even Honiton, have been copied with the greatest success.

A royal warrant as purveyor of tea to her Majesty the Queen has just been granted to Mr. Lipton, the well-known Ceylon tea-planter and coffee and provision merchant. This is the reward of a very enterprising manner of conducting business in many parts of her Majesty's dominions by this firm, who own Ceylon tea plantations.

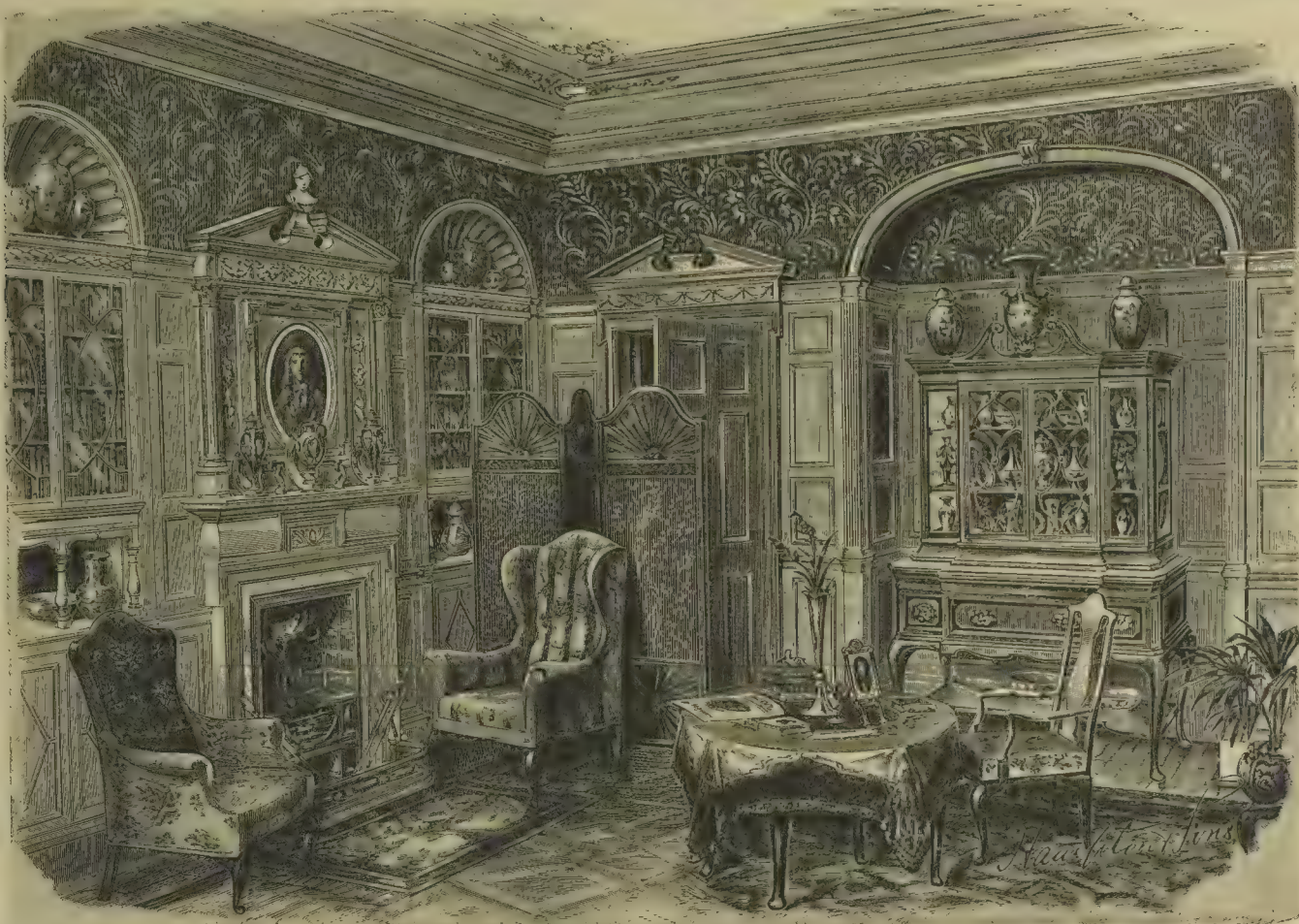
Messrs. Oetzmann, the Hampstead Road furnishing house known to Londoners, have made up their minds to find out if there is really any money in distressful Ireland. They have opened a new business place in Grafton Street, Dublin, and invited all and sundry to inspect their display of furniture and house-fittings in the Irish capital.

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Table in Solid Mahogany, 75s.	
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Brass pierced Fender, 45s.	
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throw off an attack in
its incipient stage;
or where, from want
of precaution, the
disease has already
obtained a firm hold,
Strength to carry the
patient through it to
a speedy conva-
lescence and recovery.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Samuel Tufnell Southgate, of Hazlewood, Upper Norwood, who died on Jan. 16 intestate, were granted on Feb. 20 to Mr. Charles Francis Southgate, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to £189,417.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Bute, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Dec. 17, 1892) of Mr. James Alison Steel, formerly of Glasgow, and late of Kensington Palace Gardens, who died on Dec. 26 at Craigmore, Bute, granted to Mrs. Catherine Isabella Campbell, or Steel, the widow, William Strang Steel, the brother, the Rev. Archibald Alexander Campbell, Robert Gourlay, William Livingstone Watson, John Jackson Coats, and Joseph Graham, jun., the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 21, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £131,799.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1894) of Mr. Arthur Bernard White, of 10, Park Road, Regent's Park, who died on Jan. 19, was proved on Feb. 20 by Arthur Abraham Fraser, Wilhelm Julius Ferdinand Horn, and Horatio Noble Pym, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £49,906. There are numerous pecuniary and specific legacies, and as to the residue of his property, the testator leaves one half, upon trust, for Marie Madeline Louise Claire Gayford and her children; one fourth, upon trust, for his daughter Harriett Hertslett and her children; one eighth to the children of his deceased daughter Marie Rosa Clarissa Wyse; and one eighth to Louis Napoleon Wyse, the child of his deceased daughter Clara Wyse.

The will of Lady Louisa Caroline Meux, of 8, Avenue de la Bourdonnais, Paris, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on Feb. 22 by Sir Henry Bruce Meux, Bart., the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to £42,932. The testatrix gives to her said son all her furniture, plate, linen, china, horses, carriages, harness, jewellery, money at bankers', and investments. There are no other bequests.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1894), with a codicil (dated Jan. 17, 1895), of the Rev. Reginald Hobhouse, Rector of St. Ives, Cornwall, formerly Archdeacon of Bodmin, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on Feb. 25 by the Rev. Frederick Thomas Batchelor, and Leonard Trelawny Hobhouse, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,904. The testator gives £100 to the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital; £200 towards the erection of a mission chapel or chapel of ease at Pensilva; a quarter's rent to each of his tenants on the glebe; such sum as will provide double pay for each pauper in the parish for one week; a like sum to be given away in blankets, cotton sheets, and coals to poor labouring people who are not paupers; his copy of the State papers, edited by his father, in eleven quarto volumes, to Phillpot's Library at Truro; and many other legacies. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one fifth each to his children Leonard Trelawny, Alfred Henry, Maud, and Emily; and one fifth to his son-in-law Augustus Vansittart Thornton.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1893) with a codicil (dated Oct. 2, 1894), of Lucia Caroline Elizabeth, Baroness Bagot, of 30, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on Jan. 22 at Nervi, Italy, was proved on Feb. 12 by the Hon. Walter Lewis Bagot, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,886. The testatrix appoints under her marriage settlement £4000 each to her daughters, Constance and Katharine Jane, and she gives to them her residence in Green Street. There are specific bequests of pictures, jewellery, furniture, etc., to Lord Bagot and her other children; and a legacy of £30 to her maid, Madame Saldi. The residue of her estate she leaves to her son Walter Lewis.

The will (dated July 2, 1894) of Lady Caroline Margaret Kerrison, of 51, Berkeley Square, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on Feb. 20 by Lord Digby, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £29,062. As to a sum of £10,000, in settlement, she appoints one half to her niece the Hon. Mary Theresa Digby; one fourth, upon trust, for her niece the Hon. Victoria Alexandrina Marker; and one eighth each to her nephews the Hon. Everard Charles Digby and the Hon. Gerald Fitzmaurice Digby. The residue of her estate she gives to her niece the Hon. Mary Theresa Digby.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1883) of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Orde-Powlett, Rector of Wensley, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Feb. 16 by the Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Orde-Powlett, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £28,413. The testator appoints the trust funds under his marriage settlement, subject to the life interest of his wife, to his five children; and bequeaths all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, ready money, cash at bankers, and arrears of rent and tithe, to his wife, she paying his debts (except those under certain settlements), testamentary expenses, and dilapidations of rectory. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to make up the income of his wife to £700 per annum, and to pay the remainder of the income during her life to his children, certain amounts being brought into hotchpot. At his wife's death he gives £4000 each to his son Thomas Charles and his daughter Henrietta Maria, and one fifth of the ultimate residue each to his children, Elizabeth Letitia, Thomas Charles, Ernest, Louisa Rachel, and Henrietta Maria.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1894) of Mr. Edmund Charles Johnson, J.P., D.L., of 4, Eaton Place, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Feb. 22 by Mrs. Sophia Stuart Johnson, the widow, Stuart Henry James Johnson, the son, and Frederick Lucas Capron, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,875. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the School for the Indigent Blind (St. George's Road, Southwark), to be called "the Edmund Charles Johnson Annuity Fund," the interest to be applied in giving annuities to five blind persons; £500 to the Society for Granting Annuities to the Poor Adult Blind of which he was treasurer; £500 to the Medical School of St. George's Hospital, the interest to be paid to the Henry Charles Johnson Memorial Prize in Anatomy founded by

him in memory of his late dear brother; his residence in Eaton Place with the furniture and effects (except wines and spirits) to his wife, for life, and then to his son Stuart Henry James; £10,000 to his said son; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his property he gives to his wife, and he mentions that she is also otherwise amply provided for under settlement and under the will of her father, the Rev. Elborough Woodcock.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. George Henry Fillingham, J.P., of Syerston Hall, near Newark, Notts, who died on Jan. 17 intestate, were granted on Feb. 21 to Mrs. Emma Gago Fillingham, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,752.

The will of Dame Cunliffe Owen (widow of Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.I.E.), of 13, Kirkley Cliff, Lowestoft, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Feb. 8 by Edward Cunliffe Owen and Henry Herbert Wills, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9339.

The will of Mr. Alexander Pulling, J.P., serjeant-at-law, of 68, Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on Feb. 21 by Mrs. Elizabeth Pulling, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1664.

There have been some forcible letters in the *Times* lately anent the restriction to clergymen in the choice of a Head Master of Rugby. Mr. T. E. Page, of Charterhouse, who always writes what is worth reading, urges that this rule limits the selection to a very small field, and Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, of Harrow, says, "If the Bishop of London will exert himself to get the clerical restriction removed, he will render, I think, a service both to the cause of education and of the Church at large." The difficulty as to a Sunday sermon is not really an important hindrance to throwing open the office of Head Master to laymen, for an address by the latter is often more effective, and, as Mr. Bosworth Smith writes, "if he feels that he has no aptitude for preaching, why not let him leave it alone and delegate this part of a Head Master's privilege to others?"

Two of the best advertised commodities at the present time are mustard and soap. Concerning the former, a wealthy proprietor once remarked that he had made his fortune by what people had left on their dinner-plates! The same could hardly be said of any soap, for one seeks for that sample which shall last as long as possible and permit the least waste. To shavers soap is as important a consideration as razors, and therefore any new specimen is sure of a trial. The latest is the soap of the J. B. Williams Company, a firm which has great popularity in the United States. From personal experience, one can praise the latter which this soap readily produces, and its comfortable effect upon the skin, and doubtless there will be many men who will feel inclined to use for themselves this excellent preparation.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

"Peter Lombard" tells another good story. A simple rustic parson went into the office of a missionary society on the wall of which hangs a Mercator's map of the world, with the religions indicated by colour—heathenism, of course, by black. "Bless me!" said the gentle pastor, "I had no idea that the coalfields were so widely distributed over the world."

It is hoped that the Bishop of Rochester may be able to resume active work about June.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe, one of the most popular preachers of the Evangelical party, has declined the vicarage of Sheffield, which was offered him by the Sineon Trustees. During the last twelve months the Prebendary has received and declined no fewer than four invitations to other spheres of labour—namely, Holy Trinity, Cambridge; the parish Church of Hull; Christ Church, Clifton; and Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells.

The Church Parliamentary Committee, at a full meeting of members, resolved not to force a division on the first reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. It had been intended to go to a vote, but it turned out that the result of the vote was likely to be less favourable than it was expected; so, as a matter of tactics, the trial of strength has been deferred. There is still much uncertainty as to Mr. Chamberlain's course, but there is practically no doubt that a fair proportion of Liberal Unionist members will abstain.

Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., who signed the Non-conformist manifesto against the Progressives of the London County Council, and who has written an article in the *Fortnightly Review* against Disendowment, is a Baptist. He does not, however, attend the Baptist chapel, but is a prominent member of Dr. R. F. Horton's church in Hampstead.

The Salvation Army issued during last year fifty-one million newspapers, magazines, periodicals, books, tracts, and other publications.

Archdeacon Howell preached on St. David's Eve in Manchester Cathedral. He made special reference to the Church controversy in Wales, and urged those engaging in it to respect the aims and convictions of their opponents, and to adopt no unworthy means of advancing their cause.

Dr. Percival is to be consecrated as Bishop of Hereford on St. Mark's Day, April 25.

The *Guardian* of last week declared in a leading article that its good wishes for last Saturday's election were wholly with the Moderates. The return of the Progressives would mean a series of collectivist experiments.

There has been a serious and continuous falling off in the revenues attached to Rochester Cathedral owing to the protracted depression in agriculture, and the enormous depreciation in the value of land. The whole loss occasioned by the shrinkage of rent and tithe has fallen upon the Dean and Chapter. No change whatever is contemplated

in the Cathedral Grammar School, nor are the payments made from cathedral funds to this school in any way diminished.

The University of Durham is to confer the honorary degree of M.A. on the Rev. Richard Leitch, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in England. It is largely upon the recommendation of the authorities of the two Durham colleges in Newcastle that this proposal is made. V.

The Society of Comparative Legislation, which owes its initiative to Sir Courteney Ilbert, held its first council meeting on Feb. 27, at the Imperial Institute. The executive committee is decidedly strong, and includes the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Bryce, M.P., Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P., and other influential men. The French Ambassador has signified his consent to join the council.

Those intrepid and observant explorers, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bent, have not quite accomplished their intentions of crossing Southern Arabia. This is fortunate for future travellers, who will soon have little of the world in which to win glory. Mr. Bent was balked in his attempt to enter the Mahra country, nor was he more lucky in getting into the Hadramaut. He has now gone to India, but will probably arrive with a stock of curios and stories by April.

The Monday Popular Concert of March 4 at St. James's Hall reached its usual average of decent excellence. Of course, Herr Joachim could do nothing but play well. His beautiful style was manifested in Bach's lovely Sonata in E major (No. 3) for pianoforte and violin. In the adagio of this composition he was, perhaps, at his very best, and, indeed, throughout the playing of this piece he was in remarkably good form. Madame Hope Glenn sang three songs only passably, with an astonishing defect of distinction; and Miss Fanny Davies played some remarkably fine music without letting out the secret that it was remarkable. Such a pianist should not be so reticent.

On Feb. 26, at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, the London Choral Union gave an interpretation for the first time of Mr. A. D. Arnott's musical setting of Longfellow's "Ballad of Carmilhan." It was unfortunate, perhaps, that Mr. Arnott's subject should have so nearly approached Wagner's version of "The Flying Dutchman." It was still more unfortunate that the new music should have in so many passages recalled the Wagnerian setting. There was quite a portentous amount of four-part writing, a fact which lent a peculiar monotony to the whole. Mr. Andrew Black, indeed, sang with the beauty of voice from which he cannot be dissociated. We confess that a good deal of the mere writing is clever and ingenious; but, unfortunately, its ingenuity does not provide it with beauty, and its cleverness is just a little barren. It should be added that the same Union gave, on the same evening, a very creditable interpretation of Sullivan's "Golden Legend." Mr. James W. Lewis carefully conducted; and the other soloists were Miss Kate Cove, Madame Marian McKenzie, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Mr. A. J. Layton.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The simultaneous production of "Gentleman Joe" and "Dandy Dick Whittington" gives playgoers an interesting chance of comparing the new and old methods of writing light musico-dramatic works. "Gentleman Joe," of which Mr. Basil Hood is the author, shows the new fashion very well. A plot that might serve for an ordinary farcical comedy has been taken and rendered gay by the introduction of songs and dances that by no means seem impertinent. If the second act were equal to the first the result would be a masterpiece in a humble branch of art. As it is, a lack of skill in blending several themes caused a flagging in the humour that rendered the second act dull for ten minutes. Nevertheless, the average of the piece is high. Its primary object was to give the remarkable eccentric comedian Mr. Arthur Roberts a good part, and it was well attained. Whether simply posing as the dandy hansom-driver, and giving a clever, exceedingly amusing picture of the love-making and social manners of the "cabby," or presenting a more complex study of "Gentleman Joe" trying to pass himself as an Irish lord, Mr. Roberts never failed to be really comic. No doubt night by night he will elaborate the part, but as it is, his real humour and wonderful spirits would have rendered the play entertaining even had it been less in merit than it is. One must mention as of importance a young singer named Mr. William Philp, who delighted the house by using a beautiful voice with no mean skill. As for the others, Miss Aida Jenoure, who sang charmingly, the vivacious Miss Kitty Loftus, ingenious Mr. W. H. Denny, and "Uncle Bones" from Margate, one can best say that they did their share in giving a merry entertainment. Mr. Walter Slaughter's music is very pretty, and occasionally reached a high level.

"Dandy Dick Whittington," by Mr. G. R. Sims, as the title suggests, is rather in the nature of a Christmas pantomime than a dramatic piece. All the acting elements are treated as unimportant, and, in fact, without most conscientious attention one might fail to understand how Dick made the traditional fortune or what part the cat played in the matter. This probably will prove of little importance, since the piece is full of easy humours that may well catch the public taste, while songs and dances are in abundance. It may seem rather a pity utterly to depose the old tale, but many people were well amused to see the "thrice Lord Mayor of London" as circus-rider, to have Lady Fitzwarren as a "new woman" and lion-tamer, and find that telephonic communication between Siam and England is an important element in the piece. Miss May Yohé as Dick had a number of songs, in all of which she pleased the house. It is almost needless to say that in her different costumes she looked charming. Miss Florence Levey's graceful dancing is one of the best features of the entertainment; while the pleasant voice of Miss Ethel Haydon, a pretty débutante, made her at once a favourite. The chief humours were in the hands of Messrs Henry Wright and Robert Pateman, who worked with much energy and ability. Mr. Ivan Caryll's music is worthy of his reputation.



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A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

A respite from the House of Lords is the most cheering feature of the month's reviews. Instead of denunciation and vindication of that assembly, we have Mr. Fletcher Moulton in the *Contemporary* proposing, and with excellent reason, the reform of procedure in the House of Commons, if that institution is not to fall into disrepute. In the *Nineteenth Century* there are some sinister details of Parliamentary oratory, such as the number of words a minute spoken by various distinguished politicians. With this revelation, the judicious reader will collate the anecdotes in *Macmillan's* of the humours of Parliamentary reporting. Much the best story is that of the Irish reporter who informed his colleagues, on their return to the Gallery after a brief absence, that Mr. Wilberforce had made a remarkable speech about the virtues of the potato. The Irish scribe gravely dictated a purely mythical harangue to the other reporters, and next day the public was astounded by Mr. Wilberforce's lament that he had not eaten the potato in early life, and so acquired a noble physique instead of the shrunken form which he presented to the House. If Parliamentary reports could be composed in this fashion now, they might be really interesting reading. Among the political articles of the month Professor Goldwin Smith's paper in the *Contemporary* is entitled to special distinction, for it is an attempt to reconcile the doctrines of the old Manchester School with the Imperialism of the Unionist party. Mr. Escott writes appreciatively of Lord Randolph Churchill in the *Fortnightly*, but in the *New Review* the man who was once the "rising hope" of the Tory party is treated by a Tory advocate as a demagogue.

In the *National Review* Mr. Balfour's work, "The Foundations of Belief," is expounded not very luminously by Mr. Benjamin Kidd. Professor Huxley writes on the same subject in the *Nineteenth Century*, but expectations of sport in this quarter are not fulfilled. The article is apparently preliminary, and tells us little

except that Mr. Balfour has misunderstood the philosophy identified with Professor Huxley's writings. One phrase is characteristic. The Professor defines the position of science in this controversy as "knowledge of what we do not know." In the *New Review* Mr. G. W. Steevens suggests that Mr. Balfour's assertion of the "needs" of mankind as a justification of belief in the providential order of the universe is new to logic. That branch of enlightenment is enriched by Mr. J. H. Schooling, who discourses in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Written Gesture," otherwise the science of graphology. Specimens of handwriting, including several autographs of the Queen, are given, and the regularity of her Majesty's signature inspires Mr. Schooling to assert that its "monotonous, stable, and non-variable consistency befits the premier Sovereign of the world." Mr. F. C. Burnand ought to be interested to find his dashing signature contrasted with that of Marie Antoinette. Mr. Andrew Lang has an article in *Blackwood* with the alarming title, "Did Junius Commit Suicide?" I am relieved, however, to learn that in Mr. Lang's opinion the identity of Junius is a bore. So, I venture to suggest, is the irrepressible tale of the Princess Maria Clementina, who turns up again in *Longman's*. Mr. H. D. Traill writes most respectfully in the *Fortnightly* of two poets, Mr. William Watson and Mr. John Davidson, and so escapes from the reproach directed by Mr. A. C. Benson in the *National* against "sedentary and hot-headed reviewers." I do not quite understand what these desperate persons have done to incur Mr. Benson's displeasure, unless it be that they do not hail every new volume of poetry as a powerful ally against the gross materialism of the age. Mr. Benson seems to be under the impression that but for the tons of verse which load the book market every season, we should all be creatures of irredeemable clay.

Mr. Irving's address at the Royal Institution appears in the *Fortnightly*, and in the *Theatre* there is a portrait of him in the academic robes of Trinity College, Dublin. The *Theatre* makes a point of asking why a man who has

received a degree from Dublin University because he is an actor, should be deemed unworthy for precisely the same reason of an invitation to a Levée. A prize for the best answer to this conundrum ought to be offered to the Court officials. With immense gravity Mr. William Archer discusses in the *Contemporary* the merits of certain music-hall performers; but he comes to the conclusion that the music-hall, on the whole, is the shrine of vulgarity and dullness. A manager with taste and a song-writer with genius might redeem it, but there is no sign of their advent. There is a simple pathos in Mr. Archer's account of his researches in music-hall literature. He cherished the hope that one ray of original talent would comfort him, but there was nothing save an arid waste of imbecility, sometimes hilarious and sometimes maudlin. Yet there are critics with pretensions to scholarship who find in that arid waste wells of sparkling English undefiled, and who will be scandalised by Mr. Archer's dictum that there is no art of the music-hall. I do not profess to follow Mr. Frédéric Carril in his eulogy of Stephen Mallarmé in the *Fortnightly*, but as Max Nordau has asserted that M. Mallarmé must be mad because he has "faun-like ears," it is interesting to note that the symbolist poet spends most of his time in the discharge of official duties of the most prosaic kind. In *Longman's* Mr. Grant Allen has a quaint story of a poet who believed himself to be Shakspeare, and who committed suicide because his lady-love refused to admit that he had written "Othello." Probably in the next edition of his immortal work, Max Nordau will cite this tale as a proof of his theory of degeneracy. The author of "George Mandeville's Husband" tells in the *New Review* a story which illustrates a certain phase of feminine character different from that of Gallia, the heroine of Miss Dowie's novel. The fiction in the *English Illustrated* depends mainly on Mr. Julian Hawthorne and Mr. Anthony Hope; and there is an article on Burton beer and its contribution to the aristocracy.

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OBITUARY.

Sir William Montagu Manning, who was formerly Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, aged eighty-three. He emigrated in 1837 to Sydney, after being called to the Bar, and seven years later he became Solicitor-General. In 1856 he was Attorney-General, and subsequently was appointed a member of the Legislative Council. It was while the Duke of Edinburgh was walking with Sir William that H.R.H. was stabbed in the back, and his assailant stated that had it not been for his defence he would have repeated the assault.

William Henry Wellesley, second Earl Cowley, son of a former British Ambassador in Paris, on Feb. 28, aged sixty. He served in the Crimea and in India. He is succeeded in the earldom by his eldest son, Viscount Dangan, born in 1866.

The Rev. Sir Thomas Pym Bridges, seventh Baronet, who had been Rector of Danbury, Chelmsford, since 1855, on March 1, aged eighty-nine.

Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1879, on March 3, aged seventy.

Captain the Hon. F. Michael St. Aubyn, third son of Lord St. Levan, at Hong-Kong, aged thirty-six.

The Rev. Edmund Venables, Precentor and Canon Residentiary of Lincoln, on March 5, aged seventy-five.

Lord Walter Charles Montagu Douglas Scott, brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, on March 3, aged sixty.

Mr. James Anderson, a veteran actor, on March 3, aged seventy-six.

Mr. Alfred Giles, formerly chairman of the Union Steamship Company, and M.P. for Southampton, on March 3, aged seventy-eight.

Sir Joseph D. Weston, M.P., a distinguished citizen and representative of Bristol, on March 5, aged seventy-two. He was Mayor of Bristol for four years, during which he entertained the Prince of Wales, the Duke and

Duchess of Edinburgh, Sir Frederick Roberts, and other eminent guests. He was chairman of many companies, including the Bristol Wagon Works Company and the Great Western Cotton Works Company. He was knighted in 1886.

Dr. Daniel Hack Tuke, who was a great authority on insanity, on March 5, aged seventy-seven. Dr. Tuke wrote many valuable treatises, and compiled "The Dictionary of Psychological Medicine." He was editor of the *Journal of Mental Science*.

Mr. Crosby Lockwood, a London publisher of educational works, on March 4, aged sixty-seven.


The Rev. Richard Tonge, Honorary Canon of Manchester and Rector of St. Anne and St. Mary's, Manchester, on March 1, aged sixty-eight.

The Rev. Richard W. Packer, for forty-six years Vicar of Witcham, Ely, on March 4, aged seventy-six.

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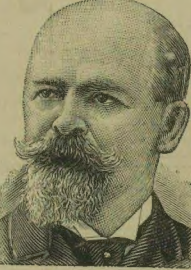


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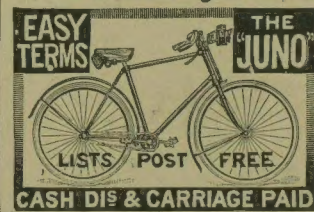
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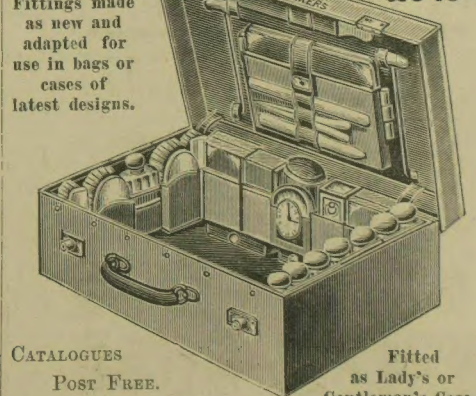
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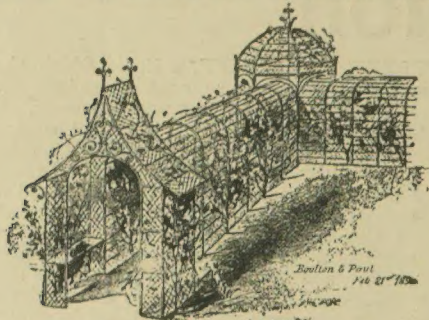
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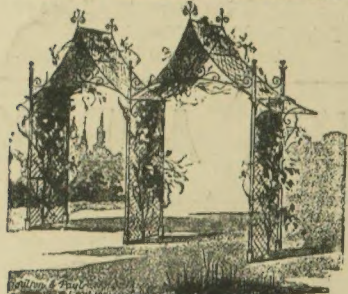
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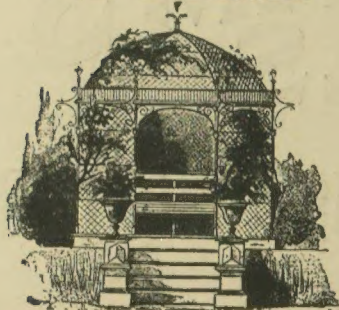
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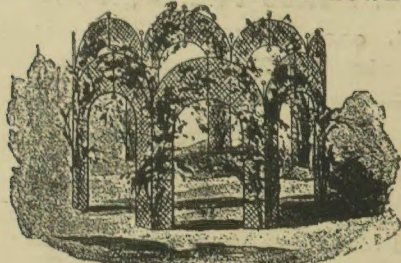
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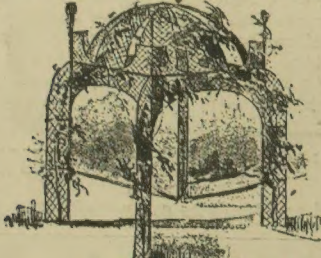
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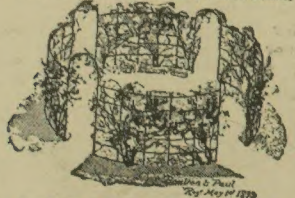
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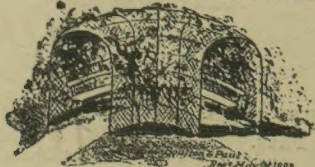
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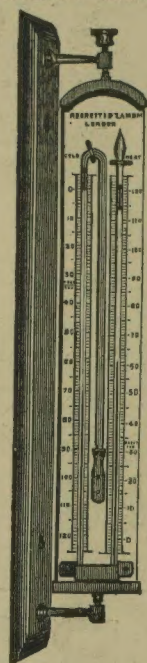
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